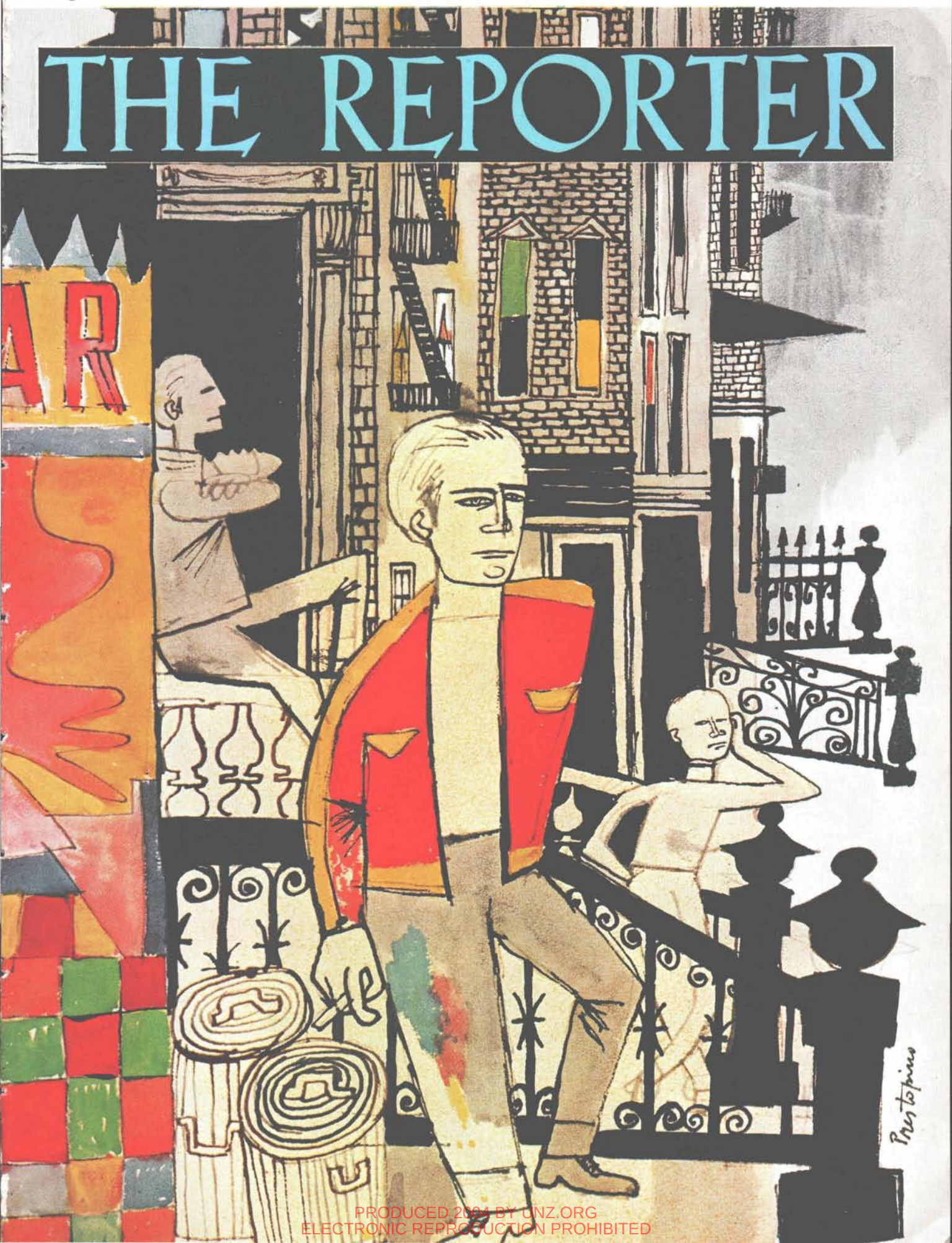
WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT 'J. D.'?

CDC August 20, 1959 25¢

The Pleasures and Uses of Bankruptcy (page 21)

THE REPORTER



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ANY SIX REGULAR (LP) FOR ONLY $3.98 Retail Value up to $29.88

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if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 150 to be made available during the coming 12 months

1. Night and Day, plus 11 more hits

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19. No Other Love, Our Love, 10 more

37. Lovely "musical portrait of nature"

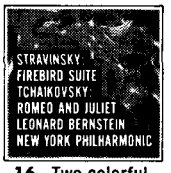
5. 16 favorites — Sweet Violets, etc.

11. Berlioz' most popular work

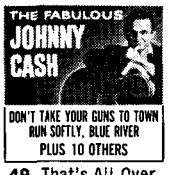
27. Granada, La Paloma, 11 more

40. "Hallelujah" "Finlandia", etc.

10. Be My Love, WhereorWhen, etc.

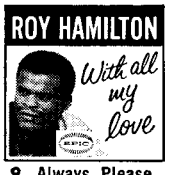


16. Two colorful, exciting scores



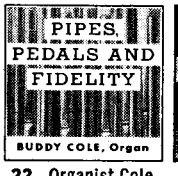
49. That's All Over, One More Ride, etc.

25. Two very popular piano works



9. Always, Please, Speak Low, 9 more

21. Four dashing, fiery rhapsodies



22. Organist Cole plays 11 hit tunes

33. 11 beautiful, immortal melodies

The Columbia (LP) Record Club now enables you to acquire the world's finest high-fidelity 12" long-playing records — either regular or stereo — at great savings!

All 32 of the records shown here are available in both regular high-fidelity and stereo-fidelity (except No. 24—Listening In Depth—available in stereo only).

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IMPORTANT NOTE:

Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. If you do not now own a stereo phonograph, you can continue to acquire regular long-play high-fidelity records with complete confidence that they will always give you thrilling listening pleasure. They will play with true-to-life fidelity on your present phonograph, and will sound even more brilliant on a stereo record player if you purchase one in the future.

8. What'll I Do, Warm, 10 more

7. Three brilliant hi-fi showpieces

50. Where or When, Manhattan, 10 more

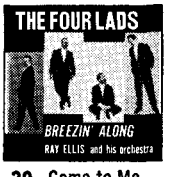
6. Complete score of this hit musical

12. Let's Dance, Jubilee, 7 more

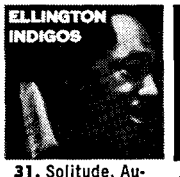
30. A "must" for any record library

24. 16 selections — STEREO only

3. Didn't It Rain, God Is Real, etc.

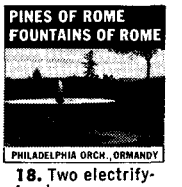


20. Come to Me, Long Ago, 10 more



31. Solitude, Autumn Leaves, etc.

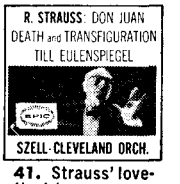
36. The ballet that "rocked the world"



18. Two electrifying tone poems

28. Brahms' most beloved symphony

45. Tico-Tico, Brazil, 10 others



41. Strauss' loveliest tone poems

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES . . .

★ You enroll in any one of the six Club Divisions:

If you have a regular phonograph you enroll in any one of four Divisions: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

If you own a stereo phonograph you enroll in either one of two Stereo Divisions: Stereo Classical or Stereo Popular.

★ Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding recordings — both regular and stereo — from every field of music. These selections are described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.

★ You may accept the monthly selection for your Division take any of the wide variety of other records offered in all Divisions . . or take NO record in any particular month.

★ Your only membership obligation is to purchase five selections from the more than 150 Columbia and Epic recordings to be offered in the coming 12 months. After purchasing five records, you will receive your choice of a Columbia or Epic Bonus record free for every two additional selections you buy. However, you may discontinue membership at any time after purchasing five records.

★ The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the usual list price: regular high-fidelity at $3.98 (Popular) and $4.98 (Classical); stereo-fidelity records at $4.98 (Popular) and $5.98 (Classical) — plus a small mailing charge.

★ To receive your SIX records — mail coupon today!

COLUMBIA (LP) RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Ind.

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COLUMBIA (LP) RECORD CLUB, Dept. 250-3
Terre Haute, Indiana

I accept your offer and have circled at the right the numbers of the six records I wish to receive. Bill me for $3.98 for six regular high-fidelity records OR $5.98 for six stereo-fidelity records — plus small mailing charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

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- ☐ Listening & Dancing
- ☐ Jazz
- ☐ Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies

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- ☐ Stereo Classical
- ☐ Stereo Popular

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(Please Print)

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Dealer's Address.....329

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(If you enroll in one of the Regular Divisions, you receive your 6 records in regular high-fidelity. If you enroll in a Stereo Division, you receive your 6 records in stereo-fidelity)

1	15	30
2	16	31
3	18	33
5	19	36
6	20	37
7	21	40
8	22	41
9	24	45
10	25	49
11	27	50
12	28	

K-86 (REG) | F-86 (STER)

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Big Show

Events have a strange way of outdistancing expectations. For months there has been an endless amount of talk, argument, and speculation about a summit meeting. Which mountain would come to which Mahomet? The problem seemed insoluble. Now, suddenly, all is clear: the mountains will pay visits to one another. If high-level negotiations are at a standstill, high-level tourism is still a possibility.

This development was, really, quite inevitable. The old diplomacy of persuasion, compromise, and patient conciliation has come to a dead end, even if diplomats must pretend to the contrary. When the differences between two parties are as profound as they are between the West and the Soviet world—when the political assumptions, economic beliefs, and the very modes of individual existence are so far removed as to be incomparable—then the very basis of this old diplomacy is abolished. It can only operate now within the alliances; between the two blocs, it falls freely in a vacuum.

The fact, therefore, that Mr. Khrushchev and President Eisenhower are to pay personal calls on one another is to be welcomed. Whether it will "relieve tension" remains to be seen. But since normal diplomatic negotiations have proved futile, and war is unthinkable, only this kind of informal confrontation of heads of state seems to hold out any hope at all. At the very least, it might so encourage world opinion in its will to peace that even an autocratic leader would have to think twice before practicing the arts of brinkmanship.

That there are also risks in this interchange of Top People goes without saying. But these are not of the sort that some sections of American opinion are anticipating. Mr. Khrushchev's tour is not likely to cause the average American to confuse Marx with Madison (the man, we mean, not the avenue); nor is President Eisenhower's appearance in Russia likely of itself to dull the appetite for freedom that exists there or in the East European satellites—all the evidence points in precisely the opposite direction.

The real danger lies in the quality of our leadership. This kind of open diplomacy, with newspapermen and TV cameras in constant attendance and with the whole world as an eager audience, sets a premium on agility of mind, immediate forcefulness of character, quickness of perception—even on the cruder skills of showmanship. It is here that there are grounds for disquiet. Mr. Nixon got a good American press for "standing up" to Mr. Khrushchev before that now celebrated washing machine. But little attention was paid in this country to the fact that in this impromptu debate, Mr. Nixon's actual performance was inept—his responses were slow, his rejoinders vague and dull and platitudinous. We can be sure that in countries where the motive of local pride was absent these deficiencies were observed and made an impression.

We certainly hope that President Eisenhower will carry his burden more lightly, and manage more successfully. The whole world will be watching the show.

On the Way Up

In the last war, almost as soon as American families had been urged to keep a bucket of sand handy in the living room for the purpose of extinguishing incendiary bombs, articles began to appear instructing the lady of the house how to disguise and beautify the buckets by painting them in bright colors and topping them with artificial plants. A few weeks ago, along with a lengthy analysis of the new fall hat collections and an idea for livening up cole slaw with raisins and grapes, there appeared on the Woman's Page

THE COMPACT CAR

"Ford, General Motors and Chrysler are reported prepared to spend 10 million dollars each on introducing their Falcon, Corvair and Valiant." —Printer's Ink

It's mighty expensive, it seems, to make clear
Which engine's in front and which sits in the rear.
An arrow says Ford that is weighted in front
Flies straight, while a back-weighted arrow just won't,
Implying that the Falcon is safer by far
Than the rear-powered Corvair, the Chevrolet car;
And Chrysler is pointing with scorn at the tail
Of the Volkswagen, Renault, and Fiat, which fail
(According to Chrysler) to properly steer,
Since their engines, alas, are encased in the rear;
While General Motors, in counterattack,
Claims a quieter ride with the boost in the back.
Whatever the outcome, the roads will be full
Of nice little engines that push cars or pull,
And no one need squander ten million to find
The relative merits of front or behind.

—SEC

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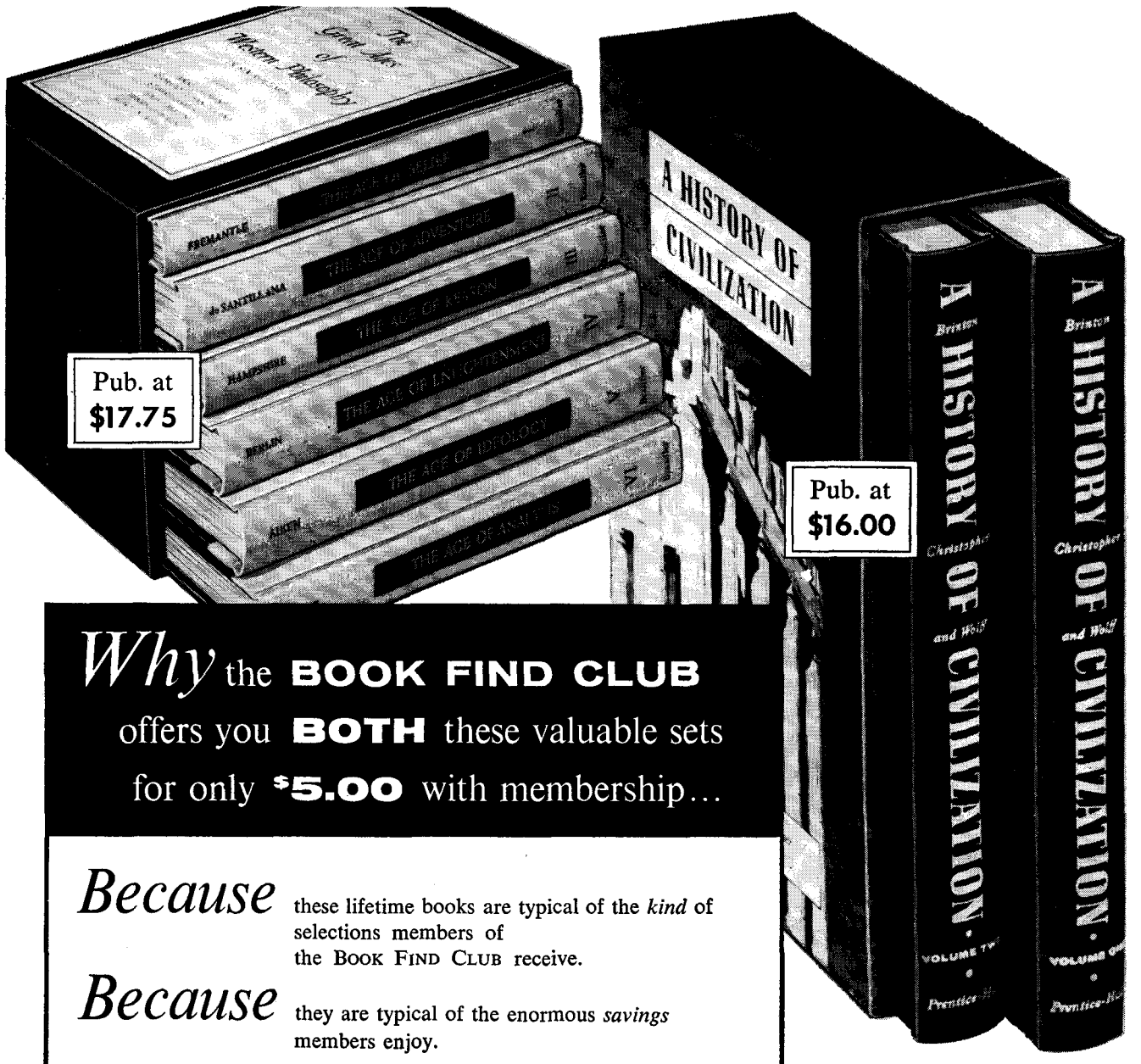

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- ☐ **J. B.** Archibald MacLeish's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, and **Brave New World Revisited** by Aldous Huxley. Combined publisher's price $6.50; member's price (for both books) **$4.50**
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of the New York *Times* a column-long article headed "Raid Shelter Is Challenge to Designer." "The most important project the family decorator may have to face," we learned, "is furnishing what may be the newest room in the house—the survival shelter against radioactive fallout." Since each member of the family will be allotted only about ten square feet of space and since the family itself may be incarcerated for two weeks following a nuclear attack, the *Times* writer undertook to get some furnishing tips from the industrial design firm that decorated the submarine *Nautilus*:

"For the survival shelter, a spokesman for Lippincott & Margulies suggested that the family might have a library of tapes to be played on a battery-driven machine. These tapes might play the ordinary sounds of a house—the refrigerator going on and off or the traffic outside. Or it might offer the sound of wind in the trees or music. . . . Lighting is important . . . when some are turned off and others turned on, they help convey the impression that time is passing. . . . Color schemes also can help. The experimental living area for [a] space ship used blue on the ceiling, green on the walls and an earthy beige underfoot. The explanation: 'This scheme would help the occupants remember which way was up.'"

In case you haven't time to decorate; up will be where everybody else went.

The Oppian Way

Although it is not in our nature to applaud, however grudgingly, the imposition of new taxes, we must admit that some of those we New Yorkers are paying—on cigars, cigarettes, taxi rides, meals costing more than a dollar, and juke boxes—may at least be said to fall into the category of lesser evils. After all, if new sources of revenue have to be found, why not pick the ones that offer the greatest social advantage? Surely New York will be a better place to live in if this program of comparatively gentle financial persuasion makes people smoke less, walk more, eschew an occasional piece of pie, and spend less time listening to "The Battle of New Orleans."

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. After this August 20 issue your next copy will be dated September 17. Our regular fortnightly schedule will then be resumed.

Carried to extremes, of course, such increases would bring in less money rather than more. That might distress the budget balancers, but it would be perfectly all right with Dr. Walter Bauer, chief of medical services at the Massachusetts General Hospital and professor of clinical medicine at Harvard, who recently urged a Senate Appropriations subcommittee to slap prohibitive taxes on all "frivolities that injure health"—by which he meant liquor, tobacco, candy, and cosmetics. After Dr. Bauer had lectured the senators on the baleful effects of these popular commodities, the subcommittee's chairman, Lister Hill of Alabama, said that he considered the suggestion an excellent one. But so far as we know, no legislation has been introduced to carry it out.

There is certainly nothing new or radical about governmental efforts to save people from their own baser natures. The fall of Rome may have been postponed two or three centuries by the Oppian Law of 215 B.C., which forbade women to own more than a half an ounce of gold jewelry, to wear dresses of more than one color, or to ride in a carriage within the city limits. (That last provision was à beaut. What would New York's cabbies say if Mayor Wagner did *that* to them?) Then there was the Orchian Law of 187 B.C., which limited the number of guests a host could invite to a party, and the Fannian Law of 161 B.C., which put a ceiling on the amount of money he could spend for a blowout. The Spartans were stricter: no cocktail parties whatsoever! Even all that talk about the democratic way of life couldn't save Athens from an army of soldiers without hangovers.

Of course it seems a good deal more civilized to allow for a certain amount of personal choice when it comes to sumptuary laws. In other words, don't make dissipation illegal, just make it expensive. It's not only more humane; it's a more flexible instrument of public policy. For example, a couple of years ago all the editorial writers were viewing with alarm because the Russians had a satellite in orbit ahead of us and all we had was more horsepower in our new cars, but nobody seemed to have any clear idea how to convert the latter into the former. The answer is obvious: the Puritans used to tax windows, so why shouldn't we tax tail fins, extra headlights, and those little motors that make the front seat go back and forth when you press a button? With the right sort of tax program and a little luck, we might be able to have our affluent society and not be eaten up by it too.

These Things Were Said

¶ The Russians like to threaten. They never stop threatening us over Berlin and yet they know that nothing could do them as much damage as a war. Granted that a war would hurt us just as much and perhaps even more, no matter what happens to us, all the newly-built establishments of Soviet industrialism would undoubtedly be wiped out during the first few days of a nuclear war. . . . What then would become of Soviet Russia? The cynic will ask, what will become of the United States, but that is not here the issue. —*George Sokolsky in the New York Journal-American.*

¶ My mother said that "if it really is love between you and Steven [Rockefeller] and if you think marriage to him will bring you happiness, we will not dream of standing in your way."—*Miss Anne-Marie Rasmussen as quoted in the New York Times.*

¶ I am not willing to accept the idea that there are no Communists left in this country. I think that if we lift enough rocks, we will find some." —*Senator Barry Goldwater (R., Arizona) in Senate debate July 23.*

¶ What makes G-girls fall at Atomic Energy's sprawling headquarters building at rural Germantown, Md.? They say it's the slippery and dangerous floors. AEC contends it's the short, narrow and high-heeled shoes into which the girls cram their feet.

AEC suggests the type of shoes its girls wear "are more dangerous than fallout."—*Jerry Kluttz in the Washington Post and Times Herald.*

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IRISH WHISKEY: HOW TO ASK FOR IT BY NAME

[VOL. II № III]

There is already too much confusion and embarrassment in the world. We [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] do not wish to lay on any more. This is why we avoid complicated or non-descriptive names for drinks containing the burnished, emphatic elegance of Irish Whiskey. It is easier to devise names like "Killarney Kiss", "Mother's Lament", "Sligo Sling", or "Bloody Bridey" than it is to get grown men to order them at the saloon. Women are another matter entirely; they will order anything. A good example is to be found in the sandwiches and ice cream confections featured in American "drugstores". A male will go hungry before enunciating the dread words "Cosmopolitan", or "Harem-Scarem Supreme". The ladies not only can say these names and worse ones but will actually enquire as to the ingredients of each before deciding which! Men detest and refuse to ask such degrading questions and more power to them.

What follows, then, is a partial glossary or compendium of Irish Whiskey drinks. The men's column consists of straightforward, self-explanatory titles. The women's column suggests more evocative equivalents for these self-same potions. Or you can order by number.

[MEN]	[WOMEN]
[1] IRISH WHISKEY or just IRISH	[1] IRISH DELIGHT or just IRISH
[2] IRISH COFFEE	[2] IRISH COFFEE
[3] IRISH TEA	[3] IRISH TEA (see remarks below)
[4] IRISH WATER	[4] ANNA LIFFEY HIGHBALL
[5] IRISH SODA	[5] ALIVE, ALIVE-O
[6] IRISH BEEF TEA	[6] MAIDEN'S PRAYER
[7] IRISH ICE (or) IRISH UPON THE ROCKS	[7] WHEN IRISH ICE ARE SMILING (or) BLARNEY STONE
[8] IRISH MILK	[8] APPLE BLOSSOM PUNCH
[9] IRISH GINGER ALE	[9] SWEET MOLLY MALONE
[10] IRISH OLD FASHIONED	[10] NEW FANGLED
[11] IRISH SOUR	[11] BITTERSWEET FRAPPÉ
[12] _____	[12] _____
[13] _____	[13] _____

Remarks: The blank lines are for your convenience as you think of addenda to this basic list. Should you need more space, you may affix a blank piece of foolscap to the bottom of the page with flour paste. All of the drinks above invariably call for Irish Whiskey. The sole exception seems to be Irish Tea and that only at the Buena Vista Cafe in San Francisco where Irish Coffee itself made its debut in the Western world. There if one orders Irish "Tea" and simultaneously waggles one's eyebrows one is given [reluctantly, we hope] Irish Coffee with the whiskey withheld. A dreadful thought. Presumably if one *really* wishes Irish Tea — a most tasty concoction, by the way — one must say "Irish Tea with tea, please".

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The Metropolitan Museum of Art
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see page 48

CORRESPONDENCE

THE SILENT DIPLOMATS

To the Editors: Max Ascoli's editorial "The Silent Diplomats Speak Out" (*The Reporter*, July 23), referring to an eighty-one-page Congressional pamphlet presenting the views of certain retired diplomats, says: "It is a pity that publications of this kind don't make best sellers." Inasmuch as it might be free or of low cost, why not state the title and give information regarding obtaining it? A little encouragement in that direction on your part might lead to its becoming a "best seller." I would buy several.

RALPH H. SHERRY
San Juan Capistrano, California

(We are pleased to inform our readers, many of whom have made similar requests, that anyone wishing a copy of the "Summary of Views of Retired Foreign Service Officers" can write to the Committee on Foreign Relations, U.S. Senate, Washington 25, D.C. It is free.)

POETS' CORNER

To the Editors: Here are some lines apropos of Marya Mannes's "Summer Thoughts of a Snob" (*The Reporter*, July 23):

'Tis not alone for fair Hyannis
Disdain is felt by Marya Mannes.
Her dislike reaches out to Cannes
When trod by others than M. Mannes....

Una furtiva lagrima *for fair Marya!*
Keep her away from crowds at St. Sophia;
Preserve her sole in city, country, grotto
Give her deep peace with knockwurst or risotto.
Guard well her comings in and goings
From summer tourists' rude and loud halloings.
Keep for her use, alone, the wind-swept beaches,
Beyond the thundering herd's most urgent reaches.
Keep back the burghers from far Ypsilanti
While she thinks secret thoughts and sips Chianti. . . .

WALTER A. CUTTER
New York

FALLOUT

To the Editors: My thanks to Walter Schneir for his article "A Primer on Fallout" in the July 9 issue. Once again *The Reporter* has come through and printed the uncomfortable facts of prime importance often ignored by the popular press.

JOHN L. HODGE
Boulder, Colorado

To the Editors: "What can a man believe?" asks Senator Anderson. Each man and woman can believe at least this. They, themselves, their children, their grandchildren, and all who follow after *can* be affected by fallout. What is even more disturbing, but must be believed, is that the extent of these effects is unknown.

What is our future? Man's great strivings for betterment most often do not give him the great benefits, but the following generations reap the harvest. The future is always unknown, but man has always felt that he has made a better world for his children. If this belief is lost, would it be surprising to see the world population becoming more and more irrational, and by its very irrationality committing the acts that will bring human life to an end?

LYLE A. STEWART
Pasadena, California

To the Editors: I have just finished reading Walter Schneir's fine article, and feel that you have presented a most worthwhile report to those who care to think about the problems posed by continued nuclear testing. I find your views not always in agreement with mine, but clearly presented and documented. They cannot help but cause even the most confirmed believer in continued testing to pause and reconsider his position. My only regret is that not enough other journals and newspapers are concerned with this problem, and as a consequence the great mass of the American public is either exposed to scare headlines or soothing handouts from the AEC, neither of which leads to reasoned judgment of the issues involved.

ROBERT V. LATOUR
Fresno, California

To the Editors: I was glad to see that the concept of moral and political decisions was mentioned. I think it is important to note that in the practice of medicine, moral values are extremely important, particularly as they apply to decisions to subject a patient to materials that will be harmful to him. When beneficial effects outweigh those of a harmful nature, the decision is an easy one. However, when in doubt or when adequate information is not available, it is essential to give the patient the benefit of the doubt and to withhold such measures that may be potentially harmful.

As applied to our fallout matter, one may question the justification of the extensiveness of the nuclear testing program to date and, in view of our current situation, at least make a plea for a permanent discontinuance of such efforts and for redirecting energies to ways and means of reducing the potentially harmful effects to man from

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What you are going to do, in that very first evening, is this! without referring to the book, you are going to sit down, and you are going to write—not five, not ten, but TWENTY important facts that you have never been able to memorize before! If you are a business man, they may be customers' orders that you have received . . . if you are a salesman, they may be twenty different products in your line . . . if you are a student, they may be the twenty parts of your homework . . . if you are a housewife, they may be important appointments that you have to keep tomorrow!

In any case, you are simply going to glance over that list again for a few moments. *You are going to perform a simple mental trick on each one of these facts—that will burn that fact into your mind, permanently and automatically!* And then you are going to put that list away. You're going to bed without thinking of it again.

And the next morning, you are going to amaze your family and friends! When you go down to business, you'll attend to every one of those orders—*automatically*—without referring to your memo pad! For perhaps the first time in your life, you'll be able to *plan ahead your entire day*—automatically, in your own mind—without being a slave to reminders, or notes, or other "paper crutches!"

Yes! And you'll amaze your friends by remembering every product in your line—backwards and forwards—in the exact order that you memorized them! You'll keep every single appointment on time—*because one appointment will automatically flash into your mind after another—at the precise moment you need them—exactly as though you pushed a mental button!*

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Yes! These names and faces are filed in the storehouse of your memory—permanently! Whenever you meet these people on the street . . . whenever you bump into them at the club . . . whenever they drop in unexpectedly at a friend's house—*the instant you see their face, their name pops into your mind automatically!* There is no hesitation, no embarrassment! *By the time you can reach out to shake their hands, your memory has delivered all the important facts you need to please them!*

Think of the advantage in business—when you can call every customer by his first name—and then ask for his wife and children, instantly, by *their* names! Think of the impression you'll make when you ask him about the state of his business, about his hobbies, when you even repeat—almost word for word—the last conversation you had with him! Think of becoming a celebrity at your club—as the member who "knows everyone" . . . who can be depended upon to avoid mistakes, to win new friends for the organization, to get things done!

But this is still just the beginning! This book teaches you to *remember exactly what you hear and read!* It gives you the confidence you need to make an important point at a business conference . . . to back up your opinion in discussions . . . become a *leader* in conversation, with dozens of interesting facts at your fingertips!

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Robert Coleman, New York Mirror, . . . a swell party . . . The stellar entertainer was Harry Lorayne, billed as "The man who has the most phenomenal memory in the world." After watching Harry at work, we were inclined to agree with that statement!

Ruth Ruzzie, WNNT, Virginia . . . this book is fascinating reading . . . Harry Lorayne states this emphatically . . . THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A POOR MEMORY . . . ONLY A TRAINED OR UNTRAINED MEMORY. He shows in this fascinating book how to easily train your own memory to retain facts . . . figures . . . places . . . people and whatever you wish to remember . . . how to quickly memorize speeches or facts that you wish to remember for future use . . . I found HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY an experience in reading.

Ed Galing, Pennsylvania Intelligencer, . . . Have you ever wished you had a better memory? That you could remember names, places, things? Well, Sir, a new book just out is guaranteed to improve your memory and you will be able to amaze your friends with your feats of memory . . . "HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY," by Harry Lorayne. The author can call more than 700 persons by their first name after meeting them for the first time . . . The book contains the secret on how to be a good rememberer . . . If you're having trouble remembering a phone number or an anniversary give this book a try. It could make you happy, successful, rich.

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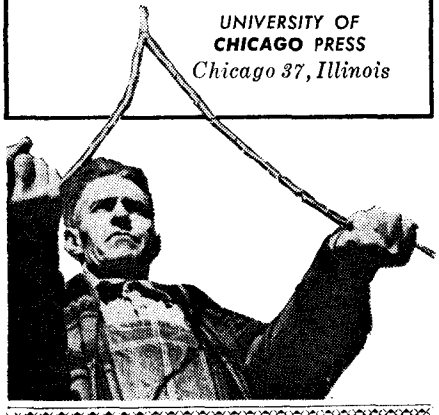

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JOHN T. GENTRY, M.D.
Regional Health Director
New York State
Department of Health
Syracuse

SOCIOLOGY, ANYONE?

To the Editors: Once again *The Reporter* has gone against the tide of opinion and performed a public service, this time with Seymour M. Lipset's admirable critique of four erroneous theses of Vance Packard's *The Status Seekers* ("Vance Packard Discovers America," July 9). I would only have wished that Mr. Lipset had had the space to do a little more, to explain why it is that Packard, and all too many other American writers, are overquick to say that Americans are excessively concerned with social status, that they now have fewer chances to rise in the social scale, that the lower classes are worse off than ever, and that Americans are superconformists. What they abhor in principle they often magnify in substance until they see the offensive behavior everywhere. . . .

BERNARD BARBER
Associate Professor
Department of Sociology
Barnard College
New York

To the Editors: I imagine Mr. Lipset feels he started off with a bang by pointing out that Mr. Packard's associate membership in the American Sociological Society actually gives him little status as a sociologist. To me it seems more like an indication of the type of organization the A.S.S. (what a coincidence that turned out to be!) is. If they are careless enough to toss associate memberships around in exchange for a $20 sweetening of the kitty, it seems to me dirty pool for them to turn around and complain about someone getting benefit from the title.

And speaking of elbowing into the elite, I notice that Mr. Lipset makes sure we all know he's a member of the "general intellectual community." . . .

I hold no brief for Mr. Packard. However, Mr. Lipset is scarcely more persuasive when he says of Mr. Packard: "His present associate membership in the American Sociological Society is, alas, no substitute for that introductory course in sociology which he gives no evidence of having taken."

Yes, friends, let's all take Sociology I and we too will know it all. Don't forget, no thinking is permitted on the subject without the basic course. And, naturally, we wouldn't dream of facing life without our little Jim Dandy associate membership in good old A.S.S., would we now? Remember, neighbors, the $20 will help support all those poor underprivileged sociologists struggling for professional status!

JOHN PRICE
Irvington-on-Hudson
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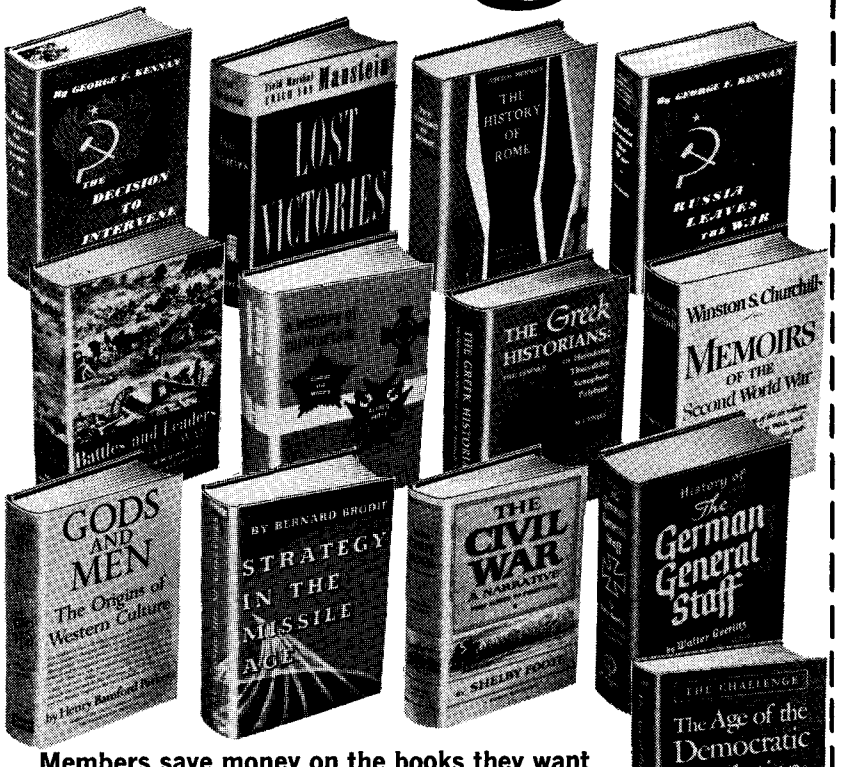

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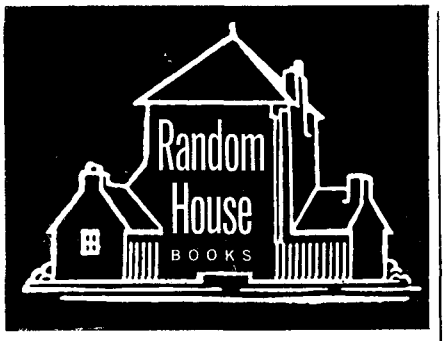

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

"In 1712 a [London] club of young men of the higher classes who assumed the name of Mohocks were accustomed nightly to sally out drunk into the streets to hunt the passers-by and to subject them in mere wantonness to the most atrocious outrages. One of the favorite amusements, called 'tipping the lion' was to squeeze the nose of the victim flat upon his face and to bore out his eyes with their fingers. Among them were the 'sweaters' who formed a circle round their prisoner and pricked him with their swords until he sank exhausted to the ground, the 'dancing masters' so called from their skill in making men caper by thrusting swords into their legs, 'the tumblers' whose favorite amusement was to set women on their heads and commit various indecencies and barbarities on the limbs that were exposed. Maidservants as they opened their masters' doors were waylaid, beaten and their faces cut. Matrons enclosed in barrels were rolled down the steep and stony incline of Snow Hill. Watchmen were beaten unmercifully and their noses slit. Country gentlemen went to the theater as if in time of war accompanied by their armed retainers. A Bishop's son was said to be one of the gang, and a Baronet was among those who were arrested."

THUS W. H. Lecky, in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* In view of the self-pitying and self-dramatizing tendency of every era, it is probably worthwhile to be reminded that we of the mid-twentieth century are not the first to suffer the insolence and brutality of youth. On the other hand, this sort of historical recollection is at best a poor consolation. Our troubles may not be entirely novel; but they are nonetheless troubles, and our own. There can be little question but that the upsurge of juvenile delinquency—or "J.D." as it is now familiarly referred to, as if it were a simple non-household disease—is one of the most tantalizing and intractable of America's postwar social problems. We seem to know precious little about its origins, and equally little about its cure. **Virginia P. Held,** in the following article, tries to summarize what we do know, and also to indicate the kind of "new thinking" on this problem that is to be found among those who have to cope with it professionally. Mrs. Held is a member of our staff. Her article "How Good Are New York's Schools?" appeared in our June 27, 1957, issue.

WITH EVERY passing week, the steel strike of 1959 assumes an ever greater significance. From a fairly conventional dispute over more or less, it is developing into a struggle that raises basic issues about the role of trade unions in our economy, the corporate administration of profits and prices, and the responsibilities of the Federal government for maintaining industrial peace. **Paul Jacobs,** a staff writer, reports on the "progress" of the strike—if such a term can be used for a situation which seems to be moving rapidly backwards.

John Kenneth Galbraith, author of *The Affluent Society,* describes in his article how economic misjudgment can be an aid to (other people's) gracious living. . . . **Alice Baker,** formerly an associate editor of the *Democratic Digest,* wrote "The View from Hong Kong," in our July 9 issue. . . . **Ralph Lee Smith** is a free-lance writer who was previously associated with the National Better Business Bureau. . . . **Arnold Beichman** is press officer for the New York office of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions and is a frequent contributor to the *Christian Science Monitor.*

Marya Mannes's article is adapted from a preface she has written for a collection of essays on the writer and television, sponsored by the Fund for the Republic and to be published this fall. . . . **Jay Jacobs** is our regular film critic. . . . **Madeleine Chapsal,** who has contributed cultural notes from Paris to *The Reporter* in the past, is on the staff of *L'Express.* . . . **Hilton Kramer** is the editor of *Arts.* . . . **Nat Hentoff** is co-editor of *Jazz Review.* . . . **Sid Goldberg** is news editor of the North American Newspaper Alliance; he has visited the Dominican Republic twice. . . . **H. R. Trevor-Roper** is Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. He is the author of *The Last Days of Hitler* and, more recently, *Men and Events* (Harper, 1958). . . . **Alfred Kazin's** reviews of current books are a regular *Reporter* feature. . . . **Ernest van den Haag,** on the faculty of New York University, is co-author (with Ralph Ross) of *The Fabric of Society.* . . . Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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What Can We Do About 'J.D.'?

VIRGINIA P. HELD

THERE HAS probably never been a moment in history when adults were not shocked by what they regarded as an unprecedented wave of bad behavior among children and adolescents. But in our time reports of gang warfare in the streets, teenage muggings, and senseless killings have turned shock to cold fear. Juvenile delinquency, particularly in the United States, has come to be considered one of the most urgent social problems of the day, and the epidemic of arrogance and crime seems to be spreading so fast that it obliterates the best efforts society can make to control it—or even to understand it.

There are two major ways of measuring juvenile delinquency statistically. One is to count the number of cases handled by juvenile courts throughout the country; this is done by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The other is to count the (quite different) number of police arrests of young people; this is done by the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

By either measure, juvenile delinquency is increasing. From 1948 through 1957, the latest year for which complete figures are available, juvenile-court cases increased 136 per cent while the under-seventeen population increased only twenty-seven per cent. According to the FBI statistics, from 1948 through 1957 recorded arrests of persons under eighteen multiplied eight times; there were seven times as many arrests for assaults, four times as many for burglaries, and eight times as many for thefts. And in the last five years, juvenile arrests for murder and nonaccidental killings have increased more than two and a half times. In 1948, persons under eighteen were held responsible for 4.2 per cent of all crimes; in 1957 for 12.3 per cent.

Of course, statistics can be misleading. Definitions both of who a juvenile is and of what constitutes delinquency vary widely from state to state and even from court to court. And as Earl Raab and Gertrude Jaeger Selznick have pointed out in their book *Major Social Problems*: "A rising rate of delinquency may reflect an increase in the willingness of adults to place juveniles under court jurisdiction. Delinquency figures represent delinquency acts *reported*. Their increase may mean more delinquency, but it also may mean more avid reporting. For example, police, parent, and neighbor attitudes may influence the extent to which they are willing to report delinquent acts. As urban neighborhoods, especially in slum areas, become less cohesive, less homogeneous, and less marked by community feeling, we may expect people to be less indulgent and less protective." Both the press and the public are certainly paying more attention to the conduct of teen-agers than they used to, and there would seem to be a distinct possibility that the FBI's category of "miscellaneous violations of state and local laws" has been swelled with a number of cases that would once have been called youthful pranks but are now classified as "J.D."

But even after statistical inflation has been discounted, most experts in the field are convinced that the recent simultaneous increases in court cases and police arrests represent a real social trend that society can ignore only at its own peril. Above all, there is no blinking the fact that serious crimes by juveniles, such as burglary and assault, have increased greatly in the past few years.

WHAT A NUMBER of people who deal with juvenile delinquents find even more disturbing than the increase in the number and savagery of the offenses is the fact that more and more of the young people who get into trouble seem to act without understandable motive or provocation, and to feel no noticeable guilt for what they have done. Destruction for the sheer joy of destroying erupts in the most surprising places. In prosperous Maplewood, New Jersey, a gang of boys broke into the junior high school, wrecked classrooms, poured kerosene over library books, and set the school ablaze, causing $300,000 worth of damage. During a three-month period there were six less costly but similar outbreaks of vandalism in relatively prosperous New York suburbs.

Many juvenile murders are the result of gang warfare, which has become increasingly vicious as it has become more highly organized. (One expert attributes this to the "technological advance" in the weaponry employed by the gangs.) But the number of children and teen-agers who senselessly murder close family members is also increasing. After killing his mother, father, and brother, an eighteen-year-old Massa-

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chusetts boy said it never would have happened if his parents had let him spend his $150 savings on a car.

Why Do They Do It?

New York State Assemblyman Max Turshen recently conducted a conference on juvenile delinquency attended by three hundred public officials and social workers. Its purpose was to prepare a series of bills dealing with delinquency to be introduced in the state legislature. When I asked him what he and the conference members considered the major causes of delinquency, he said with impatience, "Well! This conference didn't concern itself with that! We assumed everyone knows the causes of delinquency. What we need is to do something about the problem!"

In his widely read book *The Shook-up Generation*, New York *Times* correspondent Harrison Salisbury says we have delinquency not because we don't know how to prevent it "but because we do not have enough interest or energy to do the things we already know will bring an end to delinquency. We do not lack knowledge. We lack the will."

But in the face of so much senseless brutality, it sometimes seems as if we lack both will *and* knowledge.

A number of earnest attempts have been made to understand and explain what causes juvenile delinquency. Sometimes a particular theory has been hailed by its enthusiasts as "the" explanation, but while many specific diagnoses have been helpful, the extent and the virulence of the epidemic still seems as baffling as it is frightening.

One recurring idea is that poverty causes delinquency. And yet several studies were made in the 1940's—notably one by Lowell Carr and another by David Bogan—which showed that delinquency rates *decrease* in periods of widespread unemployment and *increase* in periods of prosperity.

Another diagnosis blames overcrowding and bad housing. And yet the middle-class suburbs are certainly not without their share of trouble and there is ample evidence that many a human slum festers behind the smooth exteriors of the new low-cost housing projects, which often breed their own gangs and have above average delinquency rates.

Still another theory focuses on bad neighborhoods, considered in terms of inhabitants and mores rather than in terms of bricks and mortar. The map of New York's Youth Board Services reveals that the most troubled areas are those with high concentrations of new immigrants and the poor. But even so, there is no getting around the fact that for every slum child who becomes a delinquent a great many do not; the theory does not help to explain the operation of crucial factors within the individual.

Still another theory, whose validity is accepted with varying degrees of emphasis by most experts in the

field, puts the blame on broken homes. But an impressive study made by Harvard's Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck makes it clear that the way a child's parents treat *him* is more important than the way they treat each other.

At present the most popular theory about juvenile delinquency seems to be that it is caused by psychiatric disturbance. Not only psychiatrists but a vast number of social workers, teachers, and laymen tend to feel that any boy who gets into trouble is the victim of uncontrollable forces within himself and is above all in need of psychiatric help. As summed up by Kate Friedlander in *The Psycho-Analytic Approach to Juvenile Delinquency*, "Delinquency is a disease of society, just as cancer, for instance, is a disease of the individual," and "The delinquent himself suffers by his antisocial behavior much more than society." And yet analysts working with the Gluecks found that only seven per cent of the five hundred delinquents they studied had any marked psychopathic tendencies, and they found far *fewer* neurotics among the delinquents than among a similar number of nondelinquents.

It has frequently been asserted that delinquent children feel unwanted and insecure and that these feelings drive them into antisocial behavior. As Dr. Buell Gallagher, president of the City College of New York, has expressed it: "Every child who feels rejected is a potential delinquent." The Gluecks, however, found that among the group they studied, feelings of being unwanted and unloved, and tendencies toward insecurity and anxiety were even more prevalent among the nondelinquents than among the delinquents. There is obviously some value in each of the various specific theories that have been advanced to explain what causes juvenile delinquency, but it seems pretty clear that no one of them provides all the answers.

The Glueck Study

It is generally agreed that the most comprehensive scientific study of the importance that can be ascribed to various social, psychological, and physical factors in the make-up of juvenile delinquents is that which has been provided in recent years by the Gluecks. Working with a staff of anthropologists, psychiatrists, physicians, social workers, and statisticians, Professor Glueck and his wife compared five hundred persistently delinquent boys with five hundred nondelinquent ones. The two groups were matched as closely as possible by age (eleven to seventeen), ethnic derivation (mostly English, Italian, and Irish), general intelligence, and residence in underprivileged urban neighborhoods with high delinquency rates. An effort was made to keep these factors constant in the two groups so that other factors could be measured with less interference. Some of the nondelinquents had occasionally hopped trucks, sneaked

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into movies, even snitched something from the five-and-ten. But this behavior was occasional or accidental and quickly given up. The delinquents, on the other hand, had an

official history of persistent burglary, larceny, assault, causing a public disturbance, and so on.

The Gluecks found that the tendency toward delinquency appears remarkably early in a boy's life: forty-eight per cent of the delinquents started to misbehave persistently when they were seven years old or less, another thirty-nine per cent when eight to ten years old.

The Gluecks also discovered that they could predict delinquency with considerable accuracy. By a complicated weighted scoring of parents' answers to a list of questions about how they would act in certain situations, they evaluate the following five elements of a pre-school child's life: affection of mother for boy, affection of father for boy, supervision of boy by mother, discipline of boy by father, and cohesiveness of family. The New York City Youth Board used the Glueck prediction table for 220 five-and-a-half- to six-and-a-half-year-old boys entering the city's schools and was able to predict with eighty-nine per cent accuracy which ones would become school behavior problems four years later.

USEFUL as the Gluecks' prediction table is, of course it does not explain what causes juvenile delinquency. A number of factors, notably the possession of a muscular physique and a high energy output, were found to be important, and in general the studies the Gluecks have completed so far would seem to indicate that juvenile delinquency is not caused by any single factor in and of itself but results from the interaction of various social processes with the biological and psychological make-up of individuals. During the last few years there has been a good deal less emphasis placed on single cure-alls for juvenile delinquency by the private and public agencies that are concerned with the problem. A more modest pluralism has replaced nearly all vestiges of fanaticism for unequivocal theories, and new approaches are constantly being tried in order to make use of a variety of interdependent techniques.

Reaching the Hopeless

One such experiment is pavement-pounding social work. The New York City Youth Board found that about one-quarter of the families producing delinquents were producing about three-quarters of them. These families were often the ones given up as "hopeless" by most social agencies: they were too far gone to ask an agency for assistance and too unreliable to keep appointments with the social workers in the agency's office. The new approach is to go out and find them, persuade them to accept assistance, and try to help the children before they get into trouble. "Reaching" has become the Youth Board's slogan. (In fact, it has just about taken over the place. When I went to get some information about the Youth Board's work, I was given a series of pamphlets: "Reaching the Group," "How They Were Reached," "Reaching the Unreached Family," "Reaching Teenagers," and "Reaching the Unreached.")

A Youth Board report estimates that forty-one per cent of the children "reached" through this program showed "a better adjustment" afterwards. But thirty-one per cent of those who refused to co-operate got better adjusted all by themselves; and back in 1951 an evaluation of the exhaustive Cambridge-Somerville Youth Study showed that sustained treatment of a group of Massachusetts boys by social workers who sought out the boys and their families and attempted to provide help, friendly advice, and affection over a period of up to eight years had no significant effect whatever on the delinquency rate of this group as compared to a similar group that was not given such attention.

Another avenue of attack by the New York City Youth Board is the Street Club Project. Some ninety workers take to the streets to find youthful gangs, hang around with them, gain the confidence of their members, arrange truces between gangs, and redirect their energies. They help the boys find jobs, hold dances, and stay out of trouble. In effect, they are trying to bring these youngsters out of the jungle into twentieth-century society. Or it might be more accurate to call the goal middle-class respectability. As Marjorie Rittwagen, a psychiatrist for the New York children's courts, has put it: "By the time a gang gets to the point of attending a dance in a gray flannel suit in a hall they've hired themselves, with a band and a hat-check room and police patrolling the block, they have changed from a war gang to a social, or 'smooth' club, and the street-club workers . . . consider the job finished."

A VENEER of middle-class respectability apparently cannot, however, provide immunity against the spreading epidemic of delinquency. Although most of the more obvious elements of social disintegration are not to be observed along the com-

fortably tree-lined streets of suburbia, juvenile crime is on the increase there too. Figures are harder to get because there is more covering up: when a suburban boy steals a car, his father rushes to the station house,

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offers to compensate the man from whom his son "borrowed" the car, and the incident is forgotten. In the city, a Puerto Rican boy caught doing the same thing would be in major trouble. Again, when a middle-class youth refuses either to study or to earn a living, the chances are that his family will let him sponge off them to support his idleness; a boy in the slums may feel more temptation to pick up easy money through crime.

And yet there is evidence of an increase of crime among privileged children. A New York *Times* survey of various suburban counties reported that their delinquency is increasing much faster than their populations. Between 1950 and 1957 the population of Bergen County in New Jersey increased 23 per cent, juvenile-court cases 127 per cent; for Essex the figures were 9 per cent and 68 per cent; for Union 19 per cent and 133 per cent.

Where the Need Is Greatest

But even if it could be proved that poverty and slum conditions had nothing whatever to do with juvenile delinquency, it is only natural that society's greatest sympathy and concern should be focused on the unfortunate children who have to grow up in the crowded squalor of our big cities. Twenty-seven per cent of the people of Manhattan are in rooming houses, often paying a hundred dollars a month for the privilege of living four, five, or six in a single room, with a toilet in the hall that may or may not be in working order. Little children are left to their own devices out on the streets late at night because their parents are sitting on their beds. Older children have nowhere to study and usually no one to commend them if they manage to get good marks. Instead of being under the watchful eye of a minister or teacher or relative, they are transients in decaying neighborhoods where "I didn't see nothin'" is the one cardinal rule and where racial friction frequently breaks out into violence.

The family life of many city children is scarcely conducive to good behavior. In a group of twenty thousand "multi-problem" families known to the New York City Youth Board, twenty-seven per cent of the fathers are drug addicts or alcoholics, sixteen per cent of the mothers are mentally ill, twenty-eight per cent of the fathers have deserted their families, twelve per cent of the mothers have abused their children by beatings or cruelty.

SOME STATISTICS ON BACKGROUND AND BEHAVIOR*

	Delinquents	Nondelinquents
Five to 13 changes of residence	55%	36%
Fourteen or more changes of residence	24	5
Stole rides or hopped trucks	92	24
Kept late hours	91	7
Smoked at early age	90	23
Sneaked into theaters	67	10
Destroyed property	62	4
Ran away from home	59	1
Attended movies 3 or more times a week	45	11
Played in distant neighborhoods	87	14
Played at home	42	93
Played at playgrounds	29	61
Member of a gang	56	1
Played with delinquents	98	7
Companions predominantly older	44	10
Only occasional or no church attendance	61	33
Attended from 2 to 4 schools	37	66
Attended 5 or more schools	59	32
Repeated 2 grades or more	46	27
Grades below "C"	41	8
Markedly dislikes school	61	10
Dislikes school because unable to learn or feels inferior	47	78
Dislikes school because of restrictions and routine or lack of interest	46	15
Seriously or persistently misbehaved in school	95	17
First school misbehavior before age 12	81	33
Occasional or persistent truancy	95	11
Truancy began before age 12	75	32

*Selected items from tables concerning a study of five hundred delinquents and five hundred nondelinquents in Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck's "Unraveling Juvenile Delinquency" (Harvard University Press).

One official I talked to about juvenile delinquency in New York said that, after all, large numbers of extremely primitive people are pouring into our cities and one can't expect too much from them. And yet it sometimes seems as if it takes two or three years of living in one of our big cities to make the newcomers really primitive. The delinquency rate in Puerto Rico is extremely low, about two per thousand compared to Manhattan's fifty per thousand, and East Harlem's seventy-six.

ONE OF THE MOST ambitious programs to help city children make the best of their environment has been planned for New York's Lower East Side. Called "Mobilization for Youth," its purpose is to saturate the district for six years with the best that city and private agencies can offer in social-work and recreational facilities as well as psychological, psychiatric, and welfare services. The effectiveness of the program will be carefully evaluated and the results should show pretty clearly whether juvenile delinquency can be controlled to any appreciable degree by merely increasing the kinds of services we have tried in the past—or whether they must be supplemented by some radically new approaches to the problem. Although the sponsors are convinced that programs like "Mobilization for Youth" can do a great deal of good for a great many children whose needs are desperate, they are realistic about the difficulties they face:

"Statistics indicate that in New York, on a city-wide basis, the rate of juvenile delinquency and youth-

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ful crime increased in two years nearly thirty per cent. . . . In the neighborhood of the Lower East Side, the rate of increase was even greater . . . seventy-five per cent. Thus . . . in spite of vigorous, intelligent, well-meaning efforts on the part of a multiplicity of public and voluntary agencies, including the schools, the churches, the social agencies, the police, the courts, the civic organizations and other groups, as well as the residents themselves, the neighborhood continues to lose ground in its struggle to control the deviant behavior of its children and youth and in its efforts to promote more constructive, socially acceptable patterns of behavior. This critical situation is, of course, not unique to this neighborhood. Rather, it appears to be the common experience. . . ."

'It's Not My Fault'

The roots of juvenile delinquency apparently run very deep, and while conceding that society must do all it can to meet desperate needs through such programs as "Mobilization for Youth," a number of thoughtful people who have worked with juvenile delinquents are coming to feel that society might do well to re-examine some of its basic assumptions about preventing delinquency.

One of the most outspoken among those who would like to see a number of changes take place in current thinking about the needs of children is Dr. Melitta Schmideberg, director of the Association for the Psychiatric Treatment of Offenders. This is a tax-exempt welfare organization to which offenders in the New York area are referred for treatment by the courts and by public and private social agencies. Dr. Schmideberg deals with hundreds of young delinquents each year, as well as with many children who come to her as private patients for psychiatric care. She has done similar work in England, and has written three books and more than sixty articles in psychoanalytic and psychiatric journals.

Dr. Schmideberg emphasizes that each society must expect the crimes that are tolerated or sometimes even encouraged by popular attitudes. Punishing the few individuals who have actually committed an offense has far less effect than the way society in general disapproves of and suppresses the very idea of a particular crime.

In the last year for which the figures are available, there were 133 arrests of children under eighteen in the United States for murder and nonaccidental killing. Dr. Schmideberg notes that the comparable figures for European countries are a great deal smaller, and in some civilizations homicide committed by children is practically unheard of.

Perhaps, she suggests, our delinquency rates are increasing because our society simply does not sufficiently abhor and disapprove of the many acts of violence, brutality, theft, and destruction in which its youth indulges.

Dr. Schmideberg has made a study of child murderers in this country and points out that in recent years a number of disturbing cases have appeared: children in what would appear to be model homes who have murdered members of their immediate family, often their parents, and who show little emotion and almost no remorse about the deed; the provocation has in most cases been quite trifling, but sometimes the murder has been carefully planned and prepared.

"Most psychiatrists who have studied child murderers," Dr. Schmideberg told me, "do not feel able to explain their mentality adequately. While they are obviously not normal, it is too glib merely to call them 'sick,' 'psychopathic,' or 'schizophrenic.'" She feels that many of the young offenders have simply never acquired a sense of the wrongness of cruelty and brutality and that what has pushed them into crime has often been not an uncontrollable impulse but simply an uncontrolled one.

In sympathizing with the agony of the young offender, Dr. Schmideberg argues, we fail to realize that a growing number experience no agony at all. The attempt to provide humane treatment and psychiatric therapy for delinquents has sometimes had the unfortunate side effect of leading them to take their offenses lightly.

"A fifteen-year-old boy came here the other day," Dr. Schmideberg told me, "with a handful of clippings that said delinquency is the fault of the parents, and that parents should talk with and try to understand their children. He said his parents didn't understand him, so it wasn't his fault that he held up a store." Another delinquent blamed his mother, saying she was impossibly neurotic: she made him straighten up his room. "One would like to simply laugh at these cases," Dr. Schmideberg said, "but one can't, because they have unfortunately become quite typical."

Many of the youngsters Dr. Schmideberg sees have already been to training schools or to jail. "When I ask them why they were sent there, they tell me the judge didn't like them, or their lawyer was no good, or the jury was rigged. Almost never do they say 'I stole,' or 'I shot a man,' as did the English youngsters I worked with; and almost never do they feel any guilt."

Dr. Schmideberg feels that our society has allowed itself to be dominated by its children to a dangerous degree. "Every generation rebels against the preceding one and is only too prone to see its faults. We have been too ready to see in Victorian restrictions and inhibitions the cause of all neuroses and almost all the ills against which we try to protect our children. By now the problem is the very opposite. While the demands on the parent and teacher—to be fair, consistent, patient, and tolerant—have been increasing, the demands on the child have been lowered to such a degree he grows up without adequate conscience, self-control, or will power. He is excessively self-centered, and

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takes quite reasonable restraint or reprimand as an affront."

Instead of humoring the child who is preoccupied with his own emotions and problems—as most children are—Dr. Schmideberg claims that it is the job of parents, teachers, and psychiatric workers to modify rather than increase the child's self-centeredness. And instead of concentrating almost entirely on changing the factors that may incline a child toward delinquency—poverty, a father who drinks, aggressive impulses, and so on—we should look a bit more at how he can be brought to overcome and control his tendencies to misbehave.

Dr. Schmideberg finds it impossible, with almost all the young offenders she sees, to appeal to any deterrent short of institutionalization. One cannot appeal to the children's religious beliefs—only a small fraction of them have any—or to their conscience or their concern for their families or neighbors. The only thing one can appeal to in the majority of cases is their dislike of being locked up, and even this is not very effective until they have had a taste of it.

Punishment has become highly unpopular during the last few generations. But Dr. Schmideberg thinks that since children are not born with an innate appreciation of good con-

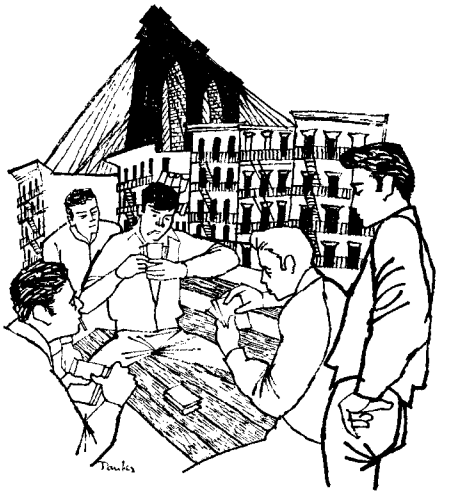
duct they have to acquire it through learning, and she approves, as an aid in teaching them, of "justified and moderate punishment—including spanking—by both parents and teachers." (Of course she adds that the indiscriminate and groundless beatings some parents give their children can produce far worse results than permissiveness.)

Laying It on the Line

Another person whose extensive experience with young delinquents has led him to be concerned about present attitudes toward children and adolescents in this country is Judge Peter T. Farrell. A senior and administrative judge of Queens County Court in New York, Judge Farrell handles what are known as "youthful offenders." In New York, juvenile courts deal with children up to only sixteen years. But between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, a youngster brought to court can be, and nearly always is, given a "youthful offender" status; he must have a lawyer, but he is tried without a jury (as are juvenile delinquents); if found guilty he is convicted as a youthful offender, not as a criminal; and if he is later asked on an application blank whether he has ever been convicted of a crime, his answer can be "No." Youthful offenders are generally put on probation.

Judge Farrell considers himself progressive and points out that he puts as high a proportion of youngsters on probation as any other judge on his level in the city; he also hopes for the day when every criminal court will have a psychological and psychiatric diagnostic and treatment clinic. But he submits that "There has developed in our society the idea that misconduct is always abnormal, and what the law calls crime is to be explained largely in terms of causes beyond the control of the criminal. The philosophy of responsibility has been replaced by the philosophy of excuse. . . . The philosophy of excuse has for a generation, in my opinion, undermined the moral, the legal, and the social responsibilities upon which the stability of our culture must repose. The linking of misbehavior to the maladjustments and to forces beyond the control of the individual offender may frequently be justified but not so often as to warrant a general philosophy of law which has lost sight of the normal standards of individual responsibility and of personal freedom. . . . Responsibility should be the universal norm, and excuse the challenged exception."

Judge Farrell's probation department, like a number of others, operates on the assumption that though psychiatric disturbance, emotional difficulty, or economic deprivation may often contribute and sometimes be decisive in causing delinquency,



poor moral training is a major factor. It is the business of parents to teach their children to do right and avoid wrong, and too many parents are unable or unwilling to do so. Yet between the parents and the court, almost no one steps in to fill the gap: neither teachers nor social workers nor psychiatrists consider moral education their responsibility. The "nonjudgmental" approach has become standard, and increasingly the public mentors of children do not even indicate disapproval. "All behavior, even the most seemingly reprehensible, serves some need of the individual," a high official dealing with delinquents told me, "and it isn't for us to judge it."

In contrast, the probation officers in Judge Farrell's department don't hesitate to instruct a boy under their surveillance in such practical matters as how to spend his time and his money, what places and people to stay away from, and what the standards of behavior are that he is required to maintain. And always behind the probation officer's directions is the authority of the court.

Eighty-five per cent of the boys Judge Farrell puts on probation have no further trouble with the law, a much higher rate of success than can be claimed by most programs. A program for psychiatric treatment in three cities was considered suc-

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cessful in being able to keep half of its boys from reverting to crime within two years.

The Era of Garbled Freud

The rising level of youthful misbehavior in our schools is a matter of deep concern to Emil Tron, president of the New York High School Teachers Association. To illustrate the current conditions under which teachers must work, he cites the case of a teacher who showed a boy who was causing a disturbance at a basketball game to the door; the next day the teacher was charged with assault and battery and forced to defend himself in court. Mr. Tron makes it clear that he doesn't hope for a return of the whipping post. But he feels that there must be a change from the current situation in which schoolchildren feel immune from punishment and teachers helpless to maintain order. He is convinced that the major change must come in the early grades with the very young children, where habits of attention and courtesy should be established.

In the fairly representative view of Mrs. Gladys Harburger, president of the United Parents Association of New York City, "The good teacher earns respect because he cares for his students. They respect him because he merits their respect." But Mr. Tron and a growing number of other teachers believe that many children lack respect not because they are seriously disturbed or because the teacher is unworthy but because teachers have been prevented from using even minimal authority.

When a reporter for the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*, doing a stint as a teacher in a Brooklyn junior high school, complained to a dean about how some boys slept in his classes, the dean told him: "You should stop and consider the boy's condition before you wake him. Some of these kids stay out all night on benders and need sleep the next day." A fellow teacher who had been sent sprawling to the floor by one of his students told the reporter that school authorities don't look kindly on a teacher who hurts a student, even in self-defense. Such a teacher is unlikely ever to receive a higher license.

A wry saying has been making the rounds in public schools recently to the effect that "The teachers are afraid of the principal, the principal is afraid of the supervisor, the supervisor is afraid of the parents and the PTA, and the parents are afraid of their kids. The kids, they ain't afraid of nobody."

The many misinterpretations of child psychology that affect popular attitudes in this country today are a source of deep concern to Dr. Marjorie Rittwagen, the staff psychiatrist for New York City's children's courts who was mentioned earlier. Dr. Rittwagen considers that there are four main causes of delinquency. About the first two—neglectful, disturbed parents and crowded neighborhoods with shifting populations—there is much awareness, though often a sad lack of facilities

for treatment. But about the third and fourth major causes—the schools and the frightening absence of any beliefs and values among so many children—there is not even much awareness.

Dr. Rittwagen told me that she has seen modern educational methods, devised for well-behaved children who were eager to learn, only serve to turn many schools into shambles. In high-delinquency areas the children who wield control are the most aggressive and destructive, those who are able to terrorize their classmates into accepting their own distorted values. In some schools, says Dr. Rittwagen, it is "physically dangerous for a school child to try to behave and learn."

Dr. Rittwagen also observes that in this era of garbled Freud, parents all too often shirk their responsibilities by supposing that little Johnny is just "expressing himself," even when he clobbers his playmate. Or they imagine that since jealousy of his sister led him to hit his friend, his behavior ought to be excused. They let their children run wild and then foist them on the schools.

The Next Lesson

The tendency not to blame children for their misconduct is apparently matched by an equally pervasive tendency among adults to blame somebody else for not instilling in children, before they get in trouble, the sense of values and civilized behavior they desperately need. The producers of TV programs, comics, movies, and newspaper stories which suggest that violence and brutality are acceptable and ordinary say they are only turning out what the public wants. The social workers and psychiatrists proceed on the assumption that it is not their job to meddle with cultural and ethical values—which they assume the child already possesses. The teachers say they are already overburdened trying to teach reading and arithmetic, and it is up to the churches and parents to take care of manners and morals. But the churches' influence, to whatever extent they actually can teach children how to behave, is limited at best: a priest in an average Manhattan neighborhood estimates that less than a quarter of the children there are even remotely touched by religion. And the parents, even if they are not so overwhelmed by their own problems as not to care, are usually hard pressed to know what values they themselves respect. In sum: almost no one seems willing and able to instill, simply and directly, a basic understanding of the difference between right and wrong.

THE IRONY in all this is that children are obviously quick to learn what anyone takes the trouble to teach them. Over and over in talking with people who work with delinquents, I have been told that all children today are extremely conscious of their rights; they know all about them and they assert and insist on them. Our children have learned at least one lesson quite thoroughly: they know all about what society owes them. Apparently a lesson that hasn't been taught, at least so far, is what they owe society.

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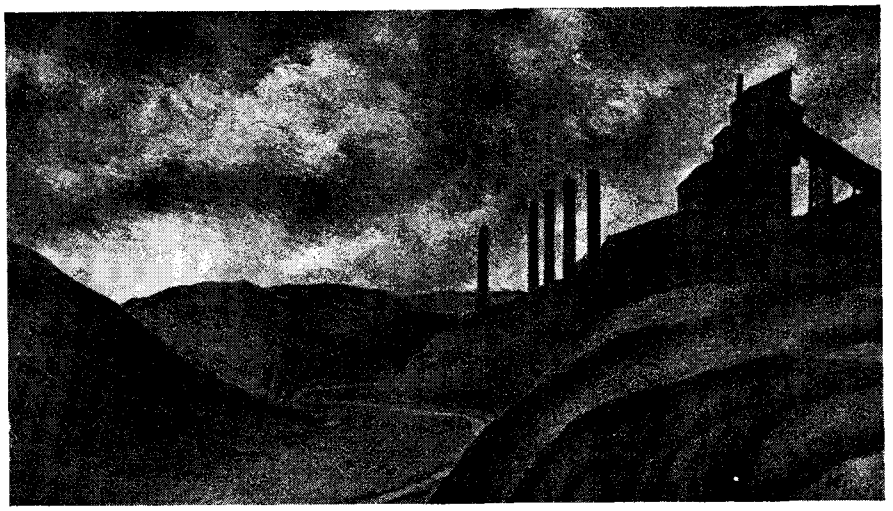

Roger Blough's Crusade

PAUL JACOBS

THIS IS in many ways a very odd strike. The steel negotiations have differed from the pattern of recent years on points both great and small:

¶ For the first time in many years, the negotiations have literally been taking place—at the steel companies' request—across a table. Hitherto, company and union representatives ranged themselves casually about a room, talking from comfortable armchairs.

¶ Also for the first time, two of the company negotiators have been taking detailed notes of what is said—thereby ensuring that nothing candid or unofficial may be said.

¶ There have been—again by the companies' choice—no informal contacts of any kind between the two camps: no breakfasts, no cocktails, no corridor conversations.

¶ The steel companies have confronted the union with a set of negotiators consisting of three lawyers and an industrial engineer, R. Conrad Cooper, who is chairman of the negotiating committee. In contrast to some of their predecessors, who had been operating heads of steel plants, these men are front-office administrative personnel.

¶ The steel companies have let it become known that before the contracts expired in June and even before negotiations had begun, they had leased office space in the Chrysler East Building for their negotiating team and its staff—the lease to run until October 15.

ONLY A FEW months ago, there was no reason to anticipate such oddities as these. What seemed to be in the offing was a routine set of complicated negotiations, interrupted by a routine strike during which the companies would use up their inventory and the workers their vacation pay and some unemployment-insurance benefits, and ending with a modest wage increase to be followed by a small rise in steel prices. Hardly anyone took very seriously the florid pre-crisis rhetoric of either side, and speculation centered on the duration of the inevitable strike and the size of the inevitable wage-price settlement. The brokerage firm of Goldman, Sachs advised its clients: "We recommend purchase of the better steel equities at this time. A steel strike when labor contracts expire on June 30th appears very possible. If *more than normal* wage increases are granted, we would expect compensating price increases." (My italics.)

What made the prognosis even more hopeful were some well-known facts. First, the steelworkers, with vivid memories of the recent recession, were in anything but a militant mood; and while the union leaders were insisting on a wage increase, it was widely reported that they would settle for a cluster of fringe benefits. Second, public opinion was nervous over the issue of inflation, and the steel companies were in a position to sweep the ground away from under the union simply by announcing a token lowering of some of their prices—a step that their record profits would have made relatively painless. It was precisely because the union leadership was so alarmed at this possibility that it took such a dim—and unimaginative—view of those friendly liberal economists who were urging it openly to forgo a wage claim in return for a cut in steel prices: it thought the companies might be only too happy to make a gesture in this direction, a gesture that public opinion would accept for the reality.

But the steel companies seemed to have new ideas of their own. New and yet old.

The High Charge of the Old Guard

The principal spokesman for these ideas is Roger M. Blough, a lawyer, who was elected in 1955 as board chairman of U.S. Steel. Blough is a small-town boy who was a high-school principal before becoming a corporation lawyer. Though he didn't come up from rags, as steel's publicity people try to suggest, he has certainly risen to riches.

Unlike Myron Taylor and Ben Fairless before him, who were on friendly terms with the union leaders and who believed in "good labor relations," Blough is aloof and hard, with a distinct sense of mission. This mission, as he sees it, is to free American industry from its bondage to the trade unions, to restore to capitalist enterprise its ineluctable prerogatives, and to disabuse government of any notion that it ought to meddle in economic and industrial problems. This "new" line is, of course, really an old one. In fact, what Blough has done is to offer

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vigorous leadership to the Old Guard of American industry—the Taft-Knowland enthusiasts who think President Eisenhower is "soft" on liberalism. One of his allies in his current campaign is Charles White of Republic Steel, an old supporter of professional hate salesman and rabid anti-unionist Joseph Kamp. For a long time it was assumed that an industrialist like White was a relic of an earlier period, soon to be extinct. But the rise to top executive power of corporation lawyers like Blough—men with strong, preconceived ideas, with no firsthand knowledge of the steel workers' community and the role of the union in it—has breathed new life into the species.

To be sure, they are not having everything entirely their own way. Within the steel industry itself there are many—momentarily silenced—who think Blough is riding for a fall. Thus, *Iron Age,* the industry's magazine, has editorialized against his approach, warning that this kind of "toughness" could only result in eventual government intervention. The aluminum industry, whose wage policies are traditionally patterned after those of steel, has refused to join steel in its all-out fight and, in extending its present contract with the union, has agreed to make any wage increase retroactive. (A similar offer by the steel union, which might have averted the present strike, had been turned down flatly by Blough.) It is no secret that the Mellon group in Pittsburgh has many doubts about the new-old look in labor relations. General Lucius Clay of American Can, which had cut its prices on the basis of an assumption that steel was going to do likewise, is said to be more than a little annoyed.

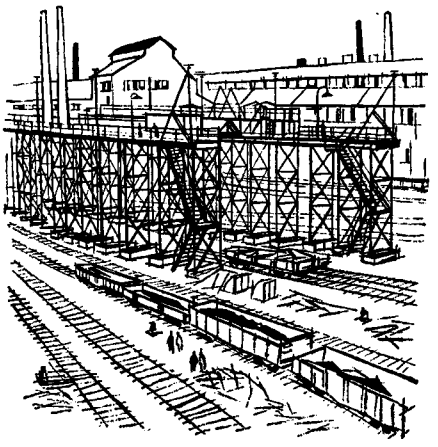
Red-Hot Iron

Nevertheless, Blough is in charge. It is he who has set the tone for the full-page newspaper ads featuring a Russian worker with the caption "Will he take away our American steel worker's job?" (It is characteristic of Dave McDonald's leadership of the Steelworkers that the union's ads in reply almost always featured a photograph of—Dave McDonald.)

Early in the negotiations, the companies proposed the simple abolition of the cost-of-living clause in the previous contract, by which wages were protected against inflation. The union people could scarcely believe their ears. How could they possibly go back to their membership with what was in effect a wage *cut,* at a time when steel profits were sky-high?

In addition, the company later demanded that eight changes—affecting such things as working conditions, vacations, and supplementary benefits—be made in the contract as a precondition for any possible wage increase, no matter how small. Even the companies now admit that this was a serious tactical error. Some featherbedding doubtless exists, but it has never been considered a serious problem in the steel industry. If anything, the contrary is the case: rising productivity and the ensuing technological unemployment are a real headache for the union. Moreover, while the highly paid steelworkers do not have much heart in striking for more money, they take very seriously indeed any attempt to encroach on their hard-won privileges within the plant. A man will far more readily fight to the bitter end for his right to go to the toilet without first getting a supervisor's permission than he will for eight cents an hour. Every plant manager knows that; every shop steward knows it; it is precisely over such matters that the majority of "unofficial" strikes take place.

The net effect of all this was to convert a reluctant strike into a solid one. The steelworkers now feel that their union itself is in danger; and they are rallying behind it. The opposition to McDonald within the union (he is not the most popular of leaders) has been crushed in the stampede to close ranks.



But it is possible that Roger Blough does not see things in this light. His is a very private vision. One of the lawyer-negotiators for the industry, John Morse, has said that the companies have no plans to try to reopen the mills "unless the strike goes on for a very long time and there is a revolt among the membership." It is exactly the sort of statement to alarm and infuriate every union leader in America. For steel is a pacesetter; and if management can actually conceive of breaking an official, industry-wide strike—which means breaking the steel union—then so can other companies. There can be little doubt that if the steel industry tries to operate its mills during the strike, labor relations in America will take a long step back toward the tooth-and-claw pattern of an earlier period.

IN THE MEANTIME, the White House is maintaining a "hands-off" policy, to the exasperation of Secretary of Labor Mitchell and to the bafflement of just about everyone else. It is hard to believe that President Eisenhower is genuinely intimidated by Blough's threat that if there is any settlement as a result of government intervention he may push through a price increase regardless of the consequences. More likely, the President is sufficiently impressed by Blough's posture as the leader of a campaign against inflation to give him a relatively free rein.

And yet, for a variety of reasons, the government may finally be forced to intervene. If the strike continues much longer, the loss to the government in revenue—from corporate taxes, individual income taxes, and tax refunds—may be such as to produce a sizable budget deficit in 1960. Senator Lyndon Johnson has already asked Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson for an estimate of such revenue losses.

Next year is an election year—for the Republican Party if not for President Eisenhower. And it is impossible to imagine that the Republican leadership wants to campaign on a record of having stood idly by while the worst economic disruption of two decades broke out in the midst of a prosperous America.

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The Pleasures and Uses Of Bankruptcy

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

NEWFANE, VERMONT

FOR SEVERAL YEARS, in fact since the end of the Second World War, we have been coming for the summer to this old farm in southeastern Vermont. Once we are here, the days lengthen perceptibly. There is magic in the late evening mist on our meadows and the way the early morning sun comes through the maples. Life acquires a new tranquillity. So, we think, do the children. The pay, entertainment allowances, and other perquisites of a professor compare badly with those of industry, law, and the advertising business. But it is hard to regret an occupation which enables one to spend three or four months of each year on the edge of paradise. Many others yearn for such privileged surroundings; and therein lies the story.

As a teacher of economics, I am visited each summer by a certain number of my professional friends and colleagues. Without exception, they inquire about the economic underpinning of this part of Vermont. I have found the line of thought which these questions set in motion to be troublesome. The hills and narrow valleys north of the Massachusetts line and between the Green Mountains and the Connecticut look reasonably prosperous, but they are without visible means of support. There are no important industries—fortunately for us. The valleys have a few dairy farms, but it is northern Vermont that fattens on the revenues and suffers the remarkable vicissitudes of the Boston milkshed. Some people do work in the forests which have largely retrieved the stony and never very fertile cropland; but this is too rigorous an occupation for many of my neighbors—French Canadians are considered better suited to such toil. Of late, a considerable number have been employed in building two large Federal flood-control dams in the neighborhood, but people were fairly prosperous before the Army Engineers made things better. Many local residents have always worked on the roads—scraping them and repairing winter damage in the summer and plowing the snow in the winter. But my best-informed neighbor says that all of the money so earned goes back in taxes for keeping up the roads. I haven't checked his calculations, but he is a reliable man.

Then there are the part-time residents—on the whole, we would rather be called "part-time residents" than "summer people" because, as compared with the seasonal residents of Maine or Martha's Vineyard, we arrive earlier in the summer and stay much later in the autumn, so that we are really part of the community. But this is not a fashionable area, and the migratory population consists either of professors or of businessmen who share the interests of their academic friends, including an interest in not wasting money. We contribute something to the economic life; we are, however, no gold mine.

Grasping the Torch

But gradually I have become aware of another source of revenue which is important. And those who supply it contribute greatly to the comfort, convenience, and pleasure of country life. These are the people who systematically disburse their savings, money they have inherited, or whatever they can borrow on enterprises conducted for the public good. They grow things, make useful articles, or (most important) render valuable services which one could never obtain on a purely commercial basis. Their prices are not always low, but since they are always selling below cost, one cannot complain. The community benefits not only from the goods and services they supply but also from the rent or interest they pay, the purchases they make, and the payrolls they meet. To be sure, the day comes when, as with any oft-repeated activity, paying rent, interest, bills, and wages loses its novelty. Or sometimes more serious problems supervene. But just as there is a turnover among people who are making a pile, so with people who are losing one. Invariably other entrepreneurs are waiting to replace those who quit the race. The competition to serve the public at a loss is rather keen. In a town not far from here is an inn which has failed decisively in the financial sense not once but twice in the past five years. It is now up for sale at the highest price yet. The chances of getting the asking price or something close to it are excellent. On the basis of this and other cases, it is my belief that service generally improves with each bankruptcy.

INNS provide the best example of capital consumption, to give this admirable phenomenon its technical name. Later on this summer, to offer what economists call a synthetic model of reality, a man and his wife from New Canaan will take a leisurely motor trip to Montreal. They are fond of the country, which is why they live in Fairfield County and why they choose this particular trip. Somewhere between Brattleboro and Montpelier they will spend a night

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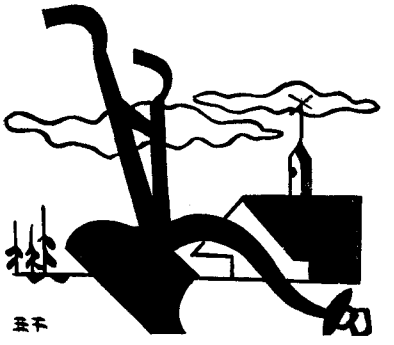
at a village inn on a secondary road—not a motel, but the real thing with elms and maples all but hiding the small Gulf station across the way. What peace! What a contrast between the life of the proprietors and their own! Independence and serenity as against the daily penance on the New Haven, the obscene struggle on the subway, and the crushing pressures of Organization.

The travelers have talked of getting out of the rat race. Could it really happen? It won't happen to many people, but it *could* happen to them. This husband has about fifteen years before actuarial decrepitude, the sense to know it, and a keen desire to enjoy the years that remain. His wife is younger and a good companion. They have some money. They have some things that are even more precious, and these are imagination and courage and a knowledge of how to cook.

VAGUELY, perhaps more than vaguely, they know the trend is away from the great corporations. The small entrepreneur has always been morally superior—in fact, the true child of freedom. Liberal Democrats support him to the hilt. He is not the sort of man Ike has to the White House, but every month *Fortune* publishes vignettes of small-business ingenuity, enterprise, and success. (A surprising number of these tell of men who started on their own very late in life.) Anything that is right with both Wayne Morse and Harry Luce can hardly be wrong. The couple returns to the village and searches out the real-estate man. He is not hard to find.

"Yes, there is a good small inn for sale." It turns out to be the one at which they stopped. This is no coincidence; nearly all small country inns are for sale. Being from New York and therefore experienced in what are called the tools of management, the husband has a good hard look at the books. He finds that the inn has been losing money. Perceptively and quite correctly, he attributes the losses to bad management. What he may not know is that such enterprises never make enough money to give the impression of even indifferent management.

So the previous owners go back to New Jersey. For four years they have furnished jobs and modest wages to the community. They have bought meat and frozen vegetables from the local grocer and quite a bit of liquor from the state store. There were moments when it seemed possible that the liquor might put them in the black, and other less commercial interludes when it eased toil and softened anxiety. The part-time residents have had a place with atmosphere and home cooking at which to dine and, on occasion, to deposit a redundant guest. During the deer season and just before Labor Day, business was always terrific—several times what could be accommodated. The total cost of so benefiting the community for these years was $13,600. It would have been more, but, because of the competition to serve,



they are selling out at a considerable capital gain. They have also provided us with considerable unpaid labor, although it is the capital that really counts.

The future is also bright. The local carpenter and his two men can look forward to the busiest autumn since the other couple from New Jersey converted their barn into a full-time furniture factory. For the new owners of the inn have unhesitatingly identified better management with modernizing the kitchen, refurnishing the bedrooms, adding two baths, and making the woodshed into a cozy bar. These will make it a better place to leave guests and more of an all-round community asset.

The Perfect Subsidy

Lest anyone think this story contrived, let me return to strict matters of experience. For years, we have been eating meals at a succession of inns that were being endowed by their owners. The owners were from the city. All were able to bring a modest amount of capital to our service. We always guessed that they were spending money on us and this could have meant—there are some subtle differences here between average and marginal costs—that each visit absorbed some of their capital. Nonetheless, we always felt that our patronage was a real favor and so did they. We were always sorry to see them go, as eventually they did, but we were comforted by the knowledge that others would take their place, and others always have.

Until last year, our plumbing was done by a man from Long Island, who left suddenly for (I believe) Montana. We have some excellent and very inexpensive furniture from a former furniture factory. I owe a dollar and fifty cents for some white gladiolus to a man who also disappeared before I could pay him. A very nice neighbor left his job in New York to drill artesian wells. We would have patronized him, but unhappily he went out of business just before we ran out of water. Some time ago, I negotiated for a piece of property with a former Army colonel who had left his job on Wall Street to enter the local real-estate business. When I suggested that the price was too high, he said I had mortally insulted his professional honor as a West Pointer, and the deal fell through. He is now back in a bond house. We used to sell our hay to a horse farm which provided an excellent market while it lasted. We get firewood from people—they change every year—who believe that their forest land is a real resource. A neighbor from New York is supplying us with potatoes. He is an encouraging departure, for he is not using savings or an inheritance but has one foot in an advertising agency. The list of such benefactors could be extended almost indefinitely.

THE NOTION of an economic system in which everyone works hard, saves his money, and then disburses it by running useful enterprises at less than cost for the common good is very attractive. Unfortunately, the local Vermonters do not participate to any extent. They seem to have a marked preference for profitable activity. This means they are rarely to be found running country inns, making furniture, growing African vio-

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lets (an especially imaginative current venture), or raising horses or potatoes. U.S. Route 5 makes its way along the eastern border of the state through a hideous neon-lighted tunnel walled by motels, antique shops, service stations, food shoppes, and roadside furniture shops featuring not Vermont but North Carolina craftsmanship. Quite a few local people are to be found here, for they have discovered that the Humbert Humberts patronize this garish bazaar in preference to the lovely villages. There are no New Yorkers in business on Route 5. One can hardly trade the rat race for a three-lane highway.

As a nation, we owe much to subsidies. They built the railroads and also the airlines. Advocates of protection have never wavered in their belief that it was tariff subsidies—as distinct from, say, competition—that made our country industrially great. Our merchant marine is kept afloat by a subsidy, and so, we may recall, was Dick Nixon in his salad days. Evidently, therefore, we need feel no shame that our pleasant countryside is subsidized by aspiring small enterprisers.

And as subsidies go, this is an excellent one. Unlike farm support prices, it requires no Federal appropriations and brings no charges that we are living too well at the taxpayers' expense. Unlike the depletion allowances enjoyed by the oilmen, it brings no (justifiable) complaints of fantastic favoritism. Our subsidy is perfectly reliable, for, as I have noted, when one entrepreneur has exhausted his capital and credit, another is always ready and eager to take his place. The very best journals proclaim the virtue of such sacrifice on our behalf. It is a demonstration of individualism, an affirmation of faith in the system. A recession or depression would, one imagines, increase the number of people seeking the serenity of the country and the security of their own business. The outlays must have a certain cogency to the individuals involved, but this has nothing to do with the great impersonal sweep of economic forces. Certainly we hope that people will continue to spend their money for the good of our attractive community.

Little Rocks And Glass Houses

ALICE BAKER

"It would be bad enough if civil rights were just a moral question, but it's a cold-war question too. Look at Asia, with half a billion uncommitted people, most of them nonwhite. You know, don't you, what their reaction is to the second-class citizenship imposed on so many American Negroes?"

We've all heard this sort of thing dozens of times—but after a fairly extensive trip through Asia recently, I'm not so sure I *do* know.

My first exposure to the problem came in conversation with an American-educated Nisei who has worked for many years in Japan as the correspondent for a U.S. news magazine. I asked what his Japanese friends were saying these days about race relations in America.

"Almost nothing," he answered.

"What do you mean, almost nothing?" I asked in astonishment.

He told me that the Japanese had taken no interest in America's civil-rights struggle until Little Rock blazed into headlines in the Japanese press. Then, influential Japanese publicly expressed their disapproval that America, which had imposed democracy on Japan, was not after all a truly democratic nation itself. Anti-Americanism began to gather momentum. But at this point the newspaper *Asahi*, Japan's equivalent of the New York *Times*, took a moral tone about glass houses and stones, by reminding its readers in a leading article that Japan has its own group of people—the Eta, an ancient lowly caste—who still live in the equivalent of ghettos and do not intermarry with the rest of the Japanese. Apparently everybody read the *Asahi* article, and "Nobody here has talked much about American Negroes since," the newsman told me, folding his hands together in a way that meant there was nothing more to be said.

This report on the impact of *Asahi's* article was confirmed for me several days later at a luncheon where the guest list included ten Japanese women, my European hostess, and me. The topic came up midway through the luncheon when I was given a natural opportunity for asking the woman on my left, a beautifully dressed Nisei married to a successful Japanese businessman, whether the Japanese had the impression of any progress in the way Negroes are treated in America.

"Fortunately Japanese people are not much interested in the subject, so I don't think it's done too much harm," she said. A woman further around the table, the wife of an official in the Japanese foreign office, intervened in an excited voice: "The way Negroes are treated? What do you mean? The way the children of the American Negro soldiers and the Japanese girls are treated?" From the rapid-fire conversation that followed I learned that these illegitimate children are pariahs, almost impossible of placement by professional adoption centers and unwanted by the families of their mothers, who traditionally adopt the illegitimate children born to women in the lower classes in Japan.

Asian Evasion

I was still trying to assimilate this fact when the Eta came into our discussion. "That's over now," said the woman on my right, the wife of a Second World War Japanese naval officer. "When I was a child they used to say to me, 'Don't have anything to do with so and so, he's an Eta.' But you never hear that any more. I don't believe there are very many of them any more. They've just disappeared into the general population."

I tried two or three times to get the conversation back to discrimination in America, but it was no use. My subject was unable to compete in interest with the Eta, who soon gave way to still another topic of

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interest to my companions—discrimination against Japanese women.

By the time I traveled on from Japan, I had accepted the fact that all the people I talked to had heard of our discrimination, but that I couldn't keep a discussion going long enough to learn what they thought about it.

After a few days in Hong Kong, I began to understand that my Japanese conversations were more significant than I had realized. For here too I found that discussions which began with race relations in America soon shifted to discrimination in America against Asians, or more often still to race relations within Asia itself.

One conversation in Hong Kong with a young Chinese woman was typical. I asked her whether she felt there had been any progress in race relations in America. "Oh yes," she answered, "lots of progress. It's been several years since I've heard of any Chinese being turned away from restaurants in California."

A Chinese dressmaker in Hong Kong revealed, to my delight, that her niece was rooming with a Negro girl in an American college. In the chatter of the fitting room, I tried to turn this into a general conversation about civil rights. But the dressmaker had no views, even on her niece's experiences, which she dismissed in two or three uninformative sentences.

'Will They Keep Me Out?'

In South Vietnam the reaction is more likely to be personal than political, as I learned through the U.S. government exchange program which brings hundreds of adult Vietnamese to our country for technical training.

Since the second language in Vietnam has traditionally been French, our government sensibly conducts classes in English for students in Saigon before they are brought to this country. Classes are taught by the wives of U.S. government personnel, and the emphasis is upon conversational English and understanding.

From three of these teachers (whose pupils had totaled several hundred) I learned that although conversation on any subject is encouraged, the only aspect of racial relations in America ever brought up is whether the students in that group need expect to be the victims of discrimination once they arrive in America.

"I'm going to the University of Maryland. Will they keep me out of restaurants?" one exchange student asked her teacher.

"Whenever I get a new class, somebody asks a variation of that question, and once it's answered, there never is any more discussion about civil rights."

"You mean to say they haven't any general curiosity about it?" I asked.

"I've never found any among my students."

I mentioned the experience of these teachers to the American-educated wife of Vietnam's most successful magazine publisher. She agreed at once that the only Vietnamese interested in American race relations are people coming here who want to know what their own reception will be. When I pressed my point by asking about Little Rock and lynchings, she said in a soothing voice, "Don't worry about what people here think about race relations in your country. They think about that so little. America is a long way off."

Equally interesting was the reaction of a young Vietnamese woman employed as a reporter on the only English-language newspaper in the country. "Your country should be congratulated for the way it is handling the problems of Negroes," she said to me. "If we had your situation here, I don't think we would do better. Perhaps not as well. You know I saw a great deal of it when I was in America."

Like so many of her English-speaking countrymen, this young woman had been educated in the United States, in her case at Mundelein College for women in Chicago and then at a university in North Carolina. In Chicago, she lived in the household of a lawyer prominent in the struggle for civil rights. She went with her hosts on a number of visits to South Side slums, where she reacted less to the conditions she found than to the determination of the Negroes to improve their lot.

"They are very determined," she said. "It makes me wonder whether they injure their own progress by pressing too hard. When I first got to Chicago, I was amazed to see so many Negro policemen. And everybody takes orders from them, even the schoolchildren, yes, even the schoolchildren."

"Typical Vietnamese color consciousness," said an English newsman stationed in Saigon when I told him about this young woman. "They're very proud of their fair skins here," he said. "They make that a pretext for looking down on their neighbors in Laos. If the French had ever tried to station Laotians as policemen among the Vietnamese, there would have been race riots."

Divided India

Fifteen hundred miles to the west of Vietnam on the Indian subcontinent, riots are a part of the scene; but as their origin is religious or political rather than racial, these outbursts provide no indication of the color bias that is so much a part of everyday life in India.

Many fashionable restaurants throughout the country still post notices that they reserve the right to restrict their clientele. These signs indicate an Indian attitude that faced harsh criticism last spring. Public uproar began with an article by Frank Moraes, who is Nehru's biographer and India's most influential editor. He protested in the *Indian Express* that the scores of African students studying in India were "resentful of the 'superior' attitude" of Indians, and felt themselves to be the victims of "a form of social apartheid." Moraes attributed this to "epidermis" and an ignorance on the part of Indians of the achievements of African culture.

Like the editors of *Asahi* in Japan, he suggested that his fellow countrymen were in a rather weak position to be casting stones at America.

PUBLIC INTEREST in this controversy was at its height while I was in India. In a pattern that I was coming to accept, my questions about Little Rock tended to be answered with discussions of the African students in India. Indians who admitted the existence of a color preference in their country were inclined to concede that the Africans had probably been treated badly. Those who were unsympathetic to the Africans tended to deny the existence of a color preference, though this was a position impossible to maintain in the

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presence of other Indians; everyone is familiar with the customs of arranging marriages, in which by general agreement a smaller dowry is expected from a bride with fair skin than from one with dark skin.

This preference sometimes shows up in matrimonial advertisements, which are one standard way of starting matrimonial negotiations in this land of arranged marriages.

This ad appeared recently in the *Times of India*:

"Handsome Civil Engineer, 25, salary rupees 350, from rich respectable, well connected Gujarati Bania family requests matrimonial correspondence from parents of fair, slim, beautiful cultured girls only."

On the same page, a suitable match was sought with a Dravida Brahmin, aged over 30, for a "fair, handsome educated Dravida Brahmin girl."

Even the pro-Communist weekly *Blitz* has permitted racial discrimination to creep into its pages in the form of an ad for a free booklet offered by a strong-man type who promised his readers that "by a drugless way" they can "REGAIN VIGOR, INCREASE HEIGHT, IMPROVE VISION, HAVE FAIR SKIN."

Of course I was pleased to be told by an official in the American consular service that he personally had observed a widespread appreciation among educated Indians at the time of the Supreme Court's integration decision five years earlier, but alas, no one mentioned it to me.

Little Children May Lead Them

As I progressed through Asia, I began to understand that there are more complex racial questions there than on any other continent of the world. For centuries the Chinese have migrated southward. They now live by the millions in Southeast Asia—in Vietnam, Thailand, Malaya, the Philippines, Indonesia. Several centuries ago, the peoples from the central steppes of Asia swept south into China. The Persians conquered India. The Indians set up businesses in Southeast Asia, and in the last century, Europeans began arriving in sizeable numbers. With the consequences of all these migrations to discuss, it is only natural that Asians' thoughts focus on their own surroundings when the word "race" is mentioned. And in Asia as in America, the primitive form of distinction made possible by race has been sharpened into social and political weapons.

Yet, amidst all this race consciousness, I found one note of comfort, one anecdote, that reminded me of the situation in a Tennessee community where "step by step" integration has been put into effect—that form of integration which starts each fall with the new first-grade class and takes these children on through school together. Last fall's experiment in this Tennessee community was a complete success with the children, who were so excited by their first days in school that they reacted not at all to the integration in their classroom. Several mothers, however, had to have psychiatric help. Children apparently take these matters much more casually than most adults.

An Asian story with the same point was told me in Hong Kong by an American woman with two children not yet of school age. They are cared for by a Chinese nurse with two children of the same age. The four children often play together.

One day the American woman looked out her window and saw all four of them running around the garden with their fingers held to the outer corners of their eyes in such a way that they were tilted up into an Oriental shape.

She opened the window and called out to them.

"What are you children doing?"

Her answer came from one of the Chinese.

"Missy," he said, his fingers still to his eyes, "we playing Japanese."

The Promoters' Pharmacopoeia

RALPH LEE SMITH

MEDICAL QUACKERY was described by the Post Office Department in 1957 as "more lucrative than any other criminal activity," and there is nothing to indicate that it has lost its status since then. It flourishes on a tremendous volume of false and misleading advertising. A House Government Operations subcommittee, under the chairmanship of Representative John A. Blatnik (D., Minnesota), recently issued four reports, describing abuses in the tobacco, prescription-drug, dentifrice, and weight-reducing fields.

The most dangerous group of medical frauds occurs in the field of serious diseases for which medical science has not developed fully effective treatment. It is a highly profitable business carried on by smaller firms, individual promoters, and "clinics" with little or no medical qualification. Many such offers are made by mail.

"Cancer cures" are typical. The American Cancer Society estimated that seventy-five thousand persons died of cancer in 1957 who could have been saved if they had reported their symptoms in time to proper medical sources. A part of this number represents the grim harvest of the phonies.

The Hoxsey Cancer Clinic, of Portage, Pennsylvania, and Dallas, Texas, was a classic operation in this field. The treatment prescribed by Harry M. Hoxsey, a Texas naturopath, cost the patient $400 plus $60 in "additional fees." It consisted of an examination and the administration of Hoxsey "cancer medicines." In 1953 a U.S. district court in Dallas issued an injunction prohibiting interstate shipment of Hoxsey's "cancer pills," which the court described as worthless.

This was only the first of a series of legal reverses, but the clinic continued to operate for more than five years in the face of the heaviest pressure the government could bring to bear until in October, 1958, Hoxsey decided it was time to quit.

Arthritis and rheumatism, being

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both prevalent and often painful, offer a fertile field for phony treatments, "reliefs," and cures. A typical ad for a product called Rub-N, described it as a "Great New Discovery for Pain of Arthritis, Rheumatism, Muscular Aches, Swelling, and Stiffness." It was said to have a "new miracle ingredient" that "Penetrates Deep into the Paining Joints and Muscles."

Science knows of no new "miracle" drugs for these diseases. Rub-N's active ingredient was a standard liniment, neither new, miraculous, nor of benefit for most arthritis cases. The Post Office issued a fraud order against the firm.

Home remedies are also offered for heart disease. A widely sold preparation called Coronaid is alleged to help prevent heart attacks by acting against the formation of cholesterol in the arteries. The A.M.A.'s Council on Foods and Nutrition, which reviewed the contents of this preparation, stated that there is little evidence that its use will result in lowering of the cholesterol level, and that there is absolutely no evidence that it will affect atherosclerosis or coronary conditions. Another product, Immun, was recently the subject of a postal fraud order as a result of its claims for the prevention of heart disease.

Cold Comfort?

Fly-by-night promoters of cancer and arthritis remedies sometimes end up in jail; but no president of a blue-chip drug corporation has ever gone to jail for his firm's advertising, nor has the president of any large ad agency, although major advertising campaigns sometimes mislead the public on a scale far beyond the resources available to small firms and fly-by-night operators.

In 1955, Citroid Compound was marketed by Clayton Laboratories, a division of Grove Laboratories, makers of an old standby in American medicine chests, Bromo-Quinine. The campaign was begun with a series of two full-page newspaper advertisements. The first was headed "An open Letter to Physicians of [Name of City]: Announcing Medicine's Newest Weapon for Control of Colds." The ad featured such statements as "New 'Anti-Virus' Factor" and "Relief in Twenty-Four Hours." Readers were soberly informed: "In a continuing series of tests begun in 1954 with hundreds of industrial workers . . . Patients who received Citroid capsules at the onset of cold symptoms were found to experience complete relief from or disappearance of the cold symptoms often within the first 24 hours. Even patients with colds in advanced stages reported gratifying relief." Doctors were invited to send for literature confirming the advertising claims.

The second ad was headed: "18 Years of Research Leads to Discovery of Medicine's *Newest* Weapon for Control of Colds. Science Harnesses Natural 'Anti-Virus' Factor Discovered in Nature's Own Citrus Bioflavonoids."

Grove budgeted $2 million for its first year's campaign. In the areas in which it was launched, Citroid captured twenty per cent of the cold-tablet market overnight, despite its high price—$2.50 for thirty-two tablets, with a recommended dosage of two tablets every three or four hours as long as needed.

If Grove Laboratories had research materials proving its advertising claims, neither the National Better Business Bureau nor the American Medical Association has ever seen them or knows what they might be. The advertising campaign, however, continued in high gear, and readers were urged to "Ask Your Doctor About Citroid."

The success of the Grove promotion started a bioflavonoid boom. Other firms rushed to get competing products on the market. As the boom continued in 1957, the Council on Foods and Nutrition and the Council on Drugs of the American Medical Association made a careful study of bioflavonoids and reported that they are "of little or no value for the treatment of disease . . . no significant effect, palliative or otherwise, on the course of the common cold." The report is not known to have affected sales. Citrus bioflavonoid products for the treatment of the common cold are still on the market. You can get them in wide variety at your drugstore if you would like to try them.

The Truth About Teeth

Similar problems may be seen in dentifrice advertising. More than $25 million is spent annually to advertise the twelve leading toothpastes. Here are some claims that have been featured in this advertising, along with comments made on them by Dr. Sholom Pearlman, representing the American Dental Association before the subcommittee hearings:

Brisk (Colgate-Palmolive): "Only Brisk Toothpaste gives you the same fluoride dentists use." "The same tooth-decay fighter proved for 10 years in drinking water."

Dr. Pearlman: ". . . what this ad tries to do is transfer the solid evidence which backs up the use of fluoride in water for control of dental decay, to a direct application in the toothpaste, which, as far as we know, has not been tested for ten years or even for one year or for any length of time whatsoever . . . There have been studies performed, not with this toothpaste but with another toothpaste, many years ago [which presumably contained approximately the same amount of sodium fluoride] . . . in that study they found absolutely no effect which they could attribute to the use of the fluoride."

Gleem with GL-70 (Procter & Gamble): ". . . Gleem is the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal." "Just one brushing destroys decay—and odor-causing bacteria."

Dr. Pearlman: ". . . a direct attempt to discourage a sound dental practice, and as far as we have been able to determine there is no evidence available which indicates that one brushing with Gleem will give you the same protection you would get from brushing your teeth after every meal."

Pepsodent with Irium (Lever Brothers): "Irium fights tooth decay."

Dr. Pearlman: "We have seen

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no evidence that supports these claims . . ."

Stripe with Hexachlorophene (Lever Brothers): "A single brushing with Stripe will protect you against the cause of decay and mouth odors hours longer than any other toothpaste you can buy."

Dr. Pearlman: ". . . The ad is . . . grossly misleading and inherently harmful."

Slenderizing and Supplementing

Unlike the purveyors of alleged cures for cancer, arthritis, and heart disease, advertisers of weight-reducing "remedies" have not relied on small ads in low-grade magazines. They use full-page spreads in imitation of established firms, and borrow their general vocabulary and usages. Result: the public has responded to the tune of $100 million a year.

An example that came up at the Blatnik subcommittee hearings is the case of Regimen Tablets. Regimen was launched with full-page ads, featuring such claims as "Amazing New Medical Release! (Available Now Without Doctor's Prescription) No-Diet-Reducing with New Wonder Drug for Fat People . . . No diet, no special eating, no giving up of the kinds of food you like to eat—yet new wonder drug acts directly on the cause of your overweight—it's safe . . . automatic." Included was a boxed section entitled "Medical Proof," and subtitled "Attention All Doctors," which contained a bibliography purporting to prove the advertising claims.

Actually, the cited articles and studies not only failed to support the advertising but in several instances contradicted Regimen's claims. On learning that Regimen's bibliography included one of his articles, Dr. Leon S. Hirsh of Cincinnati, who testified before the subcommittee, made it clear that "I do not endorse these worthless and dangerous products . . ."

Regimen is an enterprise of John T. Andreadis. Andreadis has long been known to the Post Office Department. At the Blatnik subcommittee hearings Maye Russ, director of the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic division of the National Better Business Bureau, testified that Filmarte Glamour, an Andreadis enterprise, was issued a fraud order in October, 1946, as a result of advertising claims made for Glamour Mold Self-Massage Kit. In 1948, Hollywood Beauty Consultants, another Andreadis enterprise, was the subject of a postal fraud order in connection with the advertising of a "Hollywood Two-Way Plan" and "Hollywood Body Toner" for reducing. In 1955, Andreadis signed an affidavit of discontinuance for the Drug Research Corporation and Protam Pharmacal Company, which had been cited in a fraud complaint in connection with the sale of Sustamin for arthritis and rheumatism. A fraud order issued in 1957 against the Columbia Research Corporation and Allerton Pharmacal Corporation, both Andreadis enterprises, in connection with the sale of Propex reducing tablets, was withdrawn because the Post Office failed to follow proper administrative procedure. In 1957, the Digest Pharmacal Corporation and the Wonder Drug Corporation, again Andreadis enterprises, entered into affidavits of discontinuance with the Post Office after having been served with fraud complaints in connection with the advertising of Digest and Regimen reducing tablets. These affidavits, of course, affected only mail sales.

Even the $100 million the American public shells out each year for weight-reducing "remedies" is overshadowed by the amount that is spent in response to misleading offers for vitamins, minerals, and food supplements. The A.M.A. has estimated that these are costing ten million of us $500 million a year.

Early this year Arthur S. Flemming, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, condemned advertising claims for the nationally distributed vitamin-mineral supplement Vi-San. The product, he said, is sold by house-to-house canvassers who "certainly are not qualified to give advice on medical or nutritional problems." The FDA had already stated that Vi-San's claims were "grossly deceptive and involve imminent danger to health." A Federal court ordered destruction of a shipment of the product. Vi-San did not contest the action.

The cosmetic field has been another area full of misleading medical and health advertising. Vitamins in cosmetics have no value whatsoever, although such products are widely advertised and sold.

Vitamins for the FTC

Strengthening the Federal Trade Commission is one important step in any program to give the public more protection against advertising abuses. The FTC has been criticized for long delays in its work, a case load that does not reflect the full extent of false and misleading advertising in the fields investigated, failure to test products, and failure to take continuing action in fields where it has lost precedent-setting court cases.

Comparisons have been made of the larger number of cases successfully handled by the Post Office Department and the shorter length of time required to process them. But sound legal work can take time, and in many respects the FTC's legal work is sounder than that done by the Post Office.

At the present time, every fraud order issued by the U.S. Post Office Department between May, 1954, and May, 1958, is under a legal cloud as a result of three Federal court decisions arising out of the fact that the Post Office had not been observing requirements of the Administrative Procedure Act. The Post Office elected not to appeal the cases, and has been revoking or withdrawing the fraud orders that have been challenged. Potentially, the entire volume of fraud orders issued by the Post Office during these four years stands in danger of being wiped out.

An important difference between the work of the two agencies is the fact that FTC takes on a far greater proportion of large firms and big advertisers than does the Post Office Department. Most postal fraud orders are issued against fly-by-nights; they are frequently uncontested, and when they are contested, the caliber of the legal talent retained by the promoters is often not very high. By contrast, when the FTC takes on large advertisers, its investigating attorney may be confronted with a battery of the best and highest-priced legal talent available anywhere. Many companies may regard running battles with the government as an overhead expense for the successful conduct of certain lucrative campaigns. When substantial sales have been made, a

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company will often voluntarily offer to discontinue an offending practice, after having contested the government's actions for a number of months while the sales campaign was in progress.

The FTC's greatest problem of all has been massive Congressional indifference. Congress simply hasn't cared, and neither, for that matter, has the Executive branch of the government. The FTC has long since learned that it is a waste of time to request appropriations that would be really in keeping with the requirements of a full-scale public protection program. Yet, adequate funds are the keystone for any program designed to strengthen the Commission. In order to do its job effectively, it should have the money for a substantially expanded case load, for a more comprehensive review of advertising practices, for testing the products under investigation, and for more effective legal work.

The hearings before the Congressional subcommittee stimulated the FTC to require from tobacco manufacturers proof for their scientific claims. This could be extended by legislative action, as Representative Blatnik suggests, to require food and drug advertisers to bear the burden of proof in FTC proceedings—thus relieving the FTC of the necessity to prove the falsity of a claim.

NOT ALL FTC administrative procedures can be streamlined, or all delays eliminated. The present procedures involve an irreducible minimum of time, and that irreducible minimum is often too long to protect the public against the impact of an advertising blitz; but due process of law would be difficult to ensure under any abbreviated version of the procedure. The real question here is the role—and the ultimate limitations—of legal and punitive measures in an effective program against false advertising.

The question of injunctive powers for FTC was carefully studied when the Wheeler-Lea amendments to the FTC Act were adopted in 1936. Congress decided to give these powers to the FTC only in the case of certain medical advertising that represents an immediate danger to public health. This conservative approach has much to recommend it. Whatever exasperation one may feel over present abuses, one must recognize that the injunction is a heavy weapon which fails to take advantage of factors in the present situation that could make substantial reform possible through co-operative efforts.

PERHAPS the most promising line of attack on current abuses lies in encouraging business and the advertising industry to expand the National Better Business Bureau. The creation and support of the National Bureau does much credit to business. It can often move faster than any governmental agency, and can do things that are not within the scope of law enforcement activities but can be decisive in a realistic approach to the issues involved. Many firms and many advertising media consult with the National B.B.B. *before* launching campaigns. When false and misleading advertising does appear, the Bureau often goes immediately to all major media with its evidence, and recommends that the advertising be declined unless the advertiser is willing to offer proof. Its recommendations carry great weight and are usually followed by major media. If the Bureau had the money, it could take on a far greater role. The sum required is not prohibitive, and business could provide it as a basic step in a national effort to improve advertising.

The Archbishop Expects No Violence

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

NICOSIA, CYPRUS

"THE FIRST THING we're going to do when we are free," said my Greek Cypriot driver as we sped from the airport to the hotel, "is to stop driving on the left side and go over to the right side." We were in a British-made Ford Zodiac four-door sedan with a right-hand drive.

This impatience to get on the right side of the road is very noticeable in Nicosia today. What's going to make the switchover a bit inconvenient is that every car on this eastern Mediterranean island is equipped with right-hand steering. But it doesn't matter. By February 19, 1960, according to the London agreements reached last February, Cyprus will be a republic, complete with a parliament, a president (Archbishop Makarios III), and—as a child of the mid-twentieth century—even with an imposing Communist Party. Driving right-handed cars on the wrong side of the road will be among the least of its troubles. There is even something very Cypriotic about it.

Other than that a new country is being born, nothing much is happening in Cyprus today. Ledra Street, Nicosia's main street, once known as Murder Mile or the Street of Death, is a pleasant place for window shopping. Fear is gone. The guerrilla armies are disbanded, the barbed wire is down. Even *Enosis*, incorporation into Greece, once the war cry of the Greek Cypriot underground, is being forgotten as its onetime adherents dwell on the imagined pleasures of being an independent country.

This is not to say that all passions have cooled. On each trip I made to Kyrenia, an old crusader town in northern Cyprus, the driver would slow the car down outside of a Turkish Cypriot village, Kioneli, to show me where nine Greek Cypriots had been killed a year ago by Turks. And the Greeks here, particularly the nationalists, writhe at the idea that the Turkish minority (eighty per cent of the 550,000 population are ethnic Greeks, eighteen per cent are ethnic Turks, and the other two per cent are the usual genetic alloys to be found along the Mediterranean littoral) has received a thirty per cent representation in the transitional committees and will receive the same percentage in the

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new parliament—thirty-five Greeks, fifteen Turks. But all this is agreed to, and there is little likelihood that anybody is going to war to upset the arrangement.

When one leaves Cyprus, one sees that the British intend to remain every inch the occupier until the last minute. At the airport it took fifty minutes to get my passport cleared by the British security police. Some five dozen of us stood crowded and sweating in a line, while behind a barrier shielded on three sides—and thus totally invisible except for legs and shoes—sat somebody, doing something with our passports. I was told later that every name—no matter what the passport—is checked against a master list of E.O.K.A. (Cyprus Liberation Movement) suspects who might be trying to get out of the country. The ceaseless hunt goes on. But General George Grivas, leader of the E.O.K.A. terrorist army from April, 1955, until the armistice, is back in Greece, brooding about the future. His brooding may be a fact of the first importance.

An Attic de Gaulle?

Grivas, born in Cyprus and a retired Greek Army officer, apparently was a genius at guerrilla warfare. All over Cyprus you can hear legends, Homeric legends, being created about him—how he lived next door to this Englishman or right next to this British encampment, or in this little village, and was never caught, nor were the one, two, three women—it may be five before this gets into print—who lived with him. Now, gloatingly, it is all told.

In Athens, Grivas has denounced Greek political parties as "committing indecent acts on a corpse—and that corpse is Greece." He has said that just as he "created heroes" in Cyprus in the war with the British, "this is what I'll also try to do again if my country asks me to serve it."

Meanwhile, despite denials, a split between Grivas and Makarios appears to be developing. On July 26 Makarios replied vigorously to Grivas's criticisms of his policies and delivered a biting attack on "persons who are trying to exploit the Cyprus struggle for their own ends." Though he did not mention Grivas by name, the archbishop told him and other critics in Athens to "leave us alone and let us build our new republic." Three days later Grivas publicly dissociated himself from the London agreements, which he said had been signed "without my being consulted" and promised to fight against "harmful attempts to enslave the Cypriot people."

Grivas may or not be a de Gaulle of the future Republic of Cyprus, but a man who will certainly become a troublesome problem is Andrea Ziartiades, general secretary of the Communist Pan-Cyprian Federation of Labor. Dynamic and able, he heads a labor movement of thirty-eight thousand workers, about two and a half times larger than its anti-Communist opponent, the Cyprus Federation of Workers. There is also a Communist Party under the *nom de guerre* of A.K.E.L., standing for Progressive Party of the Working People, with about seven thousand members and three mayors.

Apart from its skillful leadership, the Communists flourished throughout the British-Cypriot conflict because they stayed aloof from the battle, presumably in accordance with a Cominform directive. The British government, duly grateful, dealt respectfully with them, and so their labor movement went through the war performing those "bread-and-butter" tasks of pure and simple unionism which laid the basis of their present strength. One would have thought that after victory there would be a settling of scores between nationalists and Communists. Not at all—which may indicate that the Cypriot battle for liberation did not have quite the zealous support in the Greek population that was claimed by the E.O.K.A. Despite the fact that the anti-Communists charge the Communists with treachery and even with betrayal of E.O.K.A partisans, the list of candidates for the future parliament will unquestionably include the names of Communists as part of a coalition. This is not mere gossip. When I asked the archbishop whether there would be Communists on the coalition ticket, he made a face and smiled benignly.

"Please," he said, "please say leftists, left-wing people."

The archbishop told me that he hoped that the Greek Cypriots would be united and that there would be no parties for the first election. Thirty-five Greek Cypriot names will be presented for thirty-five seats (the Turks will vote for their own fifteen however *they* please), although, Makarios explained with a smile, names could be added if desired—but he hoped nobody would insist on it. The Communists, however, are talking big and have begun to make an issue about the two British bases—a military headquarters at Episkopi and a Middle East bomber base at Akroteri.

The British government insisted on keeping sovereignty over these two enclaves. There was nothing for Makarios to do but to bow to the British. He told me, however, that as yet there has been no agreement on the boundaries for these bases, because he is opposed to seeing any inhabited areas under British rule. The long and short of it will be: either the Cypriots will be moved elsewhere—153 persons per square mile doesn't exactly make for an overcrowded island—or else they will stay where they are under the British. But the Communists are attacking the agreement, although carefully avoiding any attack on Makarios himself.

A Hard Man to Keep Down

Another reason for Communist strength in the labor movement is the peculiar belief by the British government's labor adviser here that the Communist federation, the anti-Communist federation, and the independent unions (numbering four thousand) should unite themselves into a Cyprus Trades Union Congress. Were this merger to be consummated—it won't be—it would mean total domination of the island's labor force by the Communist Party. The counsel comes from a man who himself is a distinguished alumnus of the British Trades Union Congress and who was assigned by the Labour Party headquarters at Transport House to be adviser to Governor Sir Hugh Foot. A meeting of all labor leaders was called here some weeks ago and an agreement was reached "in principle"; but Michael Pissas, general secretary of the anti-Communist Cyprus Federation of Workers, refused to go along.

At least part of the reason for this

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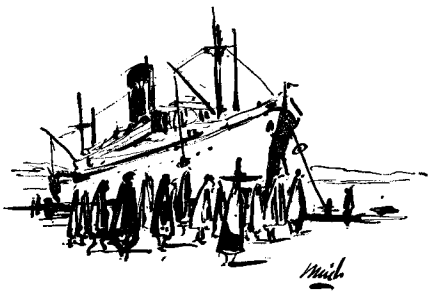
odd British attitude is that they simply don't trust Pissas because of his frenzied nationalism. Pissas was born Nicholaou thirty-eight years ago, but he assumed his present surname because his father sold chewing gum in the town of Limassol and the Greek for chewing gum is "*pissa*." This was before he undertook a serious study of English, which he speaks well and flamboyantly. He has been in jail three times for, he says, fighting, agitation, and organizing protest meetings. He was also in a detention camp during the late troubles and later exiled. At present, he is taking a correspondence course in American law with the La Salle Institute in Chicago.

Pissas is still sowing his wild oats. Married and divorced twice, he faces the dire prospect that, under Greek Orthodox law, the next time will be for keeps. But there's no denying his popularity on the island and his oratorical ability. His relationship with Makarios is close, and in an area where trained trade unionists are few (except among the Communists), he has the know-how. That he is personally ambitious, as his enemies claim, is true; that he refers to himself in the third person occasionally is also true; and that he loves to make speeches is even more true. But in a land with strong "neutralist" emotions vis-à-vis the East-West conflict, Pissas is implacably unneutral. He is neutral on only one subject—Israeli-Arab rivalry. He visits both Israel and Egypt, and at his last convention he invited the labor movements of both countries as fraternal delegates.

CYPRUS'S economic troubles have already begun, and it is here that the Communists will have a valuable propaganda battleground. This is potentially a rich island, but at the moment it is predominantly agricultural, with farming employing half of the 275,000 labor force. The people here have traditionally enjoyed a higher living standard than their compatriots in Greece or Turkey, thanks to British suzerainty. Now there is unemployment, big unemployment for this island, variously estimated at seven to eight thousand workers, along with serious underemployment in rural areas. Uncertainties about the future have halted investment, even though the joint Turkish-Greek committee has announced that Cyprus will remain in the sterling area for the next ten years.

The economic perplexities of the island have the usual concomitant—if the rich West won't help, the U.S.S.R. will step forward. Cyprus has ninety million undisposable pounds of grapes; Russia will buy them to make raisins. Cyprus has 1,100,000 undisposable pounds of tobacco; Russia will take that too.



There's about $2,800,000 worth of orphaned iron pyrites; Russia is ready to barter agricultural machinery, autos, sanitary ware, and textiles for them.

There's even a sort of corporation here called LOEL, a "company store" creature of the Communist Party. LOEL was able to negotiate purchases of Czech beer at fantastically below-market prices, which it sold for native Communist profit. Now LOEL is buying surplus agricultural products for sale to Soviet-bloc countries.

The archbishop said he hoped to obtain large-scale aid from the United States, Britain, and international lending agencies. Israel, whose terrain and climate resemble those of Cyprus, has a bright young man here as consul general who is prepared to offer technical know-how as well as co-ownership and co-investment in Cypriot companies. Cyprus will need more efficient methods of cultivation, fertilizers, insecticides, farm machinery, technical schools and teachers, irrigation, dams, roads, tourist hotels—in brief, everything that a small, disadvantaged new country with inexperienced guardians needs.

Right now, there's too little time for economic planning. The big time-consuming job is drawing up the constitution for the new republic and everybody wants it done quickly, by September at the latest. After all, Cyprus has been occupied for some three thousand years—by Phoenicians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Macedonians, Romans, Byzantines, Saracens, Franks, Venetians, Turks, and British—so that the impatience for independence is not merely a show of Mediterranean temperament.

Caution: Independence Ahead

Under the London agreements there are three committees charged with working out the transition from crown colony to republic. These committees, and the usual proliferation of subcommittees, are working doggedly to beat the February deadline. It would be easy to make much of the problems they face—such as the bitter dispute over certain veto powers which the Turkish community will have, or the separate Turkish municipalities in the five largest towns of Cyprus—and to make it appear that Cyprus is doomed beforehand. I don't think it is. The archbishop, for all his nationalist fervor, is genuinely determined to avoid becoming an irresistible force against an immovable Turkish object. The Turks are equally cautious. Despite the protests and suspicions, the Cypriot wants desperately to enjoy the fruits of "normalcy."

The only real concern is whether there could be an outbreak between Left and Right. I was told that about sixty per cent of E.O.K.A. arms are still squirreled away, and that the Communists are trying to collect arms of their own. The archbishop says he expects no violence. And just to make certain that he will not have any international troubles, he told me:

"Cyprus is not going to be a member of NATO. We are a small country and I don't see any benefit for our island. We don't want to be attached to any military bloc."

No NATO, but two British bases. No support for the Communists, but Communist parliamentarians. *Enosis* in spirit, independence in fact. This son of a Cypriot peasant, graduate of Athens University and Boston University, and once a priest in Lowell, Massachusetts, may turn out to be one of the shrewdest statesmen in the Middle East. If he doesn't, pray for Cyprus.

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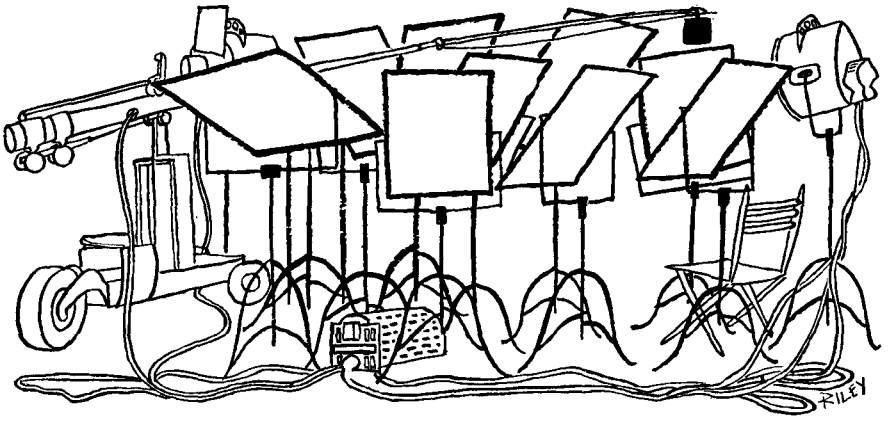

CHANNELS

The Captive Writer

MARYA MANNES

LAST NOVEMBER, seven of our leading television dramatists were talking about their work on "Open End," a panel show on New York's Channel 13 moderated by producer David Susskind. Their discussion was heated, often bitter, and always revelatory. At one point, J. P. Miller, who wrote one of "Playhouse 90's" best scripts, "The Days of Wine and Roses," said: " 'In the beginning was the word.' In the beginning may have been the word. But a lot of times in television, in the end, where is it?"

This was the substance of the writers' complaint: that in a medium which could not exist without the word, the writer has least control over the word, and that in the most powerful means of communication yet devised, the writer is least free to communicate.

In speaking of "writers," I am not referring to the copy writers, news writers, introduction writers, gag writers—or even to those who write the dialogue for soap operas, situation comedies, crime serials, or Westerns. Whether they are good or bad, these writers write according to prescription and within a definite frame. They write, in short, to order; and their areas of freedom in either time or content are sharply circumscribed. The same applies to the increasingly able body of men who write narrations for documentaries. Theirs, too, is primarily piecework. And although segments of all these different kinds of piecework can be—and sometimes are—distinguished, neither concept nor execution aims to effect a creative whole. Their value to television is precisely the kind of fragmentation demanded by a system where continuity and commercials are incompatible. They are distractions between interruptions.

WHAT I AM DISCUSSING is the creative writer who produces a whole, the writer of thought in terms of emotion, the dramatist. In the realm of imagination as against documentation, he is the writer who has brought television its most exciting and most powerful moments: Rod Serling's "Requiem for a Heavyweight" and "Patterns," Paddy Chayefsky's "Marty" and "The Mother," Robert Alan Aurthur's "A Sound of Different Drummers" and "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall," James Costigan's "Little Moon of Alban," and a dozen more plays that remain in the viewers' memory as islands in a sea of mediocrity and commerce.

Whether their memory includes the names of the authors is doubtful, which is all the more reason for their mention here: Reginald Rose, David Davidson, David Shaw, Gore Vidal, Alvin Boretz, Ernest Kinoy, David Karp, James Lee, Sumner Locke-Elliott, Horton Foote, Tad Mosel, Irv Tunick. All these men belong in the company of writers who reached their peak of activity in the middle 1950's and are now rarely represented on our small screen. It is this fact—this draining off from television of its best talents with no replenishment of newcomers in sight—that is so very significant. For it is a mistake to believe that because television is a visual medium, it can maintain its vitality without the creative writer. It could then exist, as radio exists, only as a selling medium in which the value of the word is judged by its ability to reach a maximum audience of consumers, and in which the line between the writer of commercials and the commercial writer grows steadily thinner.

But what is driving the creative writer away from television? Lack of money? Lack of prestige? Lack of freedom? All three. But of these the greatest is lack of freedom: freedom to write of things in terms of his own truth.

There are few mediums that offer absolute freedom for the writer. Beyond the limitations of time and space imposed by the stage, theater writing is a corporate effort where dramatist, director, and actor work together and where the writer's will is often either thwarted or modified by others. The same is doubly true of movies, although writers say, and they are confirmed by a number of recent films on contemporary social problems ranging from race to narcotics, that there are fewer taboos in movies than in television. Indeed, more and more television writers of distinction have deserted the small screen for the big screen, where figuratively as well as literally they can expand.

Writers are aware, moreover, that the very intimacy of television—its intrusion into the core of the American family at home—dictates a special reserve, for what could seem a mild phrase or a small gesture on

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stage or screen appears far stronger and more meaningful at close quarters, and what they say reaches both the knowing and the innocent ear. They have small quarrel with the code of the National Radio and Television Broadcasters, which spells out standards of good taste prohibiting obscenity, blasphemy, and gratuitous vulgarity, and sets up standards of morality which prevent the glamorization of vice and aim—though failing conspicuously—to curb the use of violence for sensation only. There is nothing in this code that could inhibit a good writer from making an honest statement of life as he sees it. And most writers agree that the network censors (or Directors of Continuity and Acceptance, as they prefer to be called) exercise their prerogatives with intelligence and good sense.

WHAT, THEN, is the constrictive factor on television that so throttles the creative writer? The answer, which writers give in overwhelming unison, is the power of the sponsor over the word, the domination of the medium and of the networks by commercial interests whose concern is necessarily with a quantitative audience rather than with a qualitative one. The same could be said of movies and even theater, with one determining difference: that in these mediums the product to be sold is the picture or the play itself, while in television, the program—in this case, the play—is only a means toward the selling of a product wholly unrelated to it. "The advertising agencies," wrote Paddy Chayefsky, "are not villains whose sole purpose is to destroy the artistic integrity of a dramatic script. But, by definition, they are concerned with selling their clients' products, and the twenty-two or fifty-three minutes of drama that go between the commercials are considered as essentially part of the sales talk."

This puts the sponsor and the advertiser in a position of power that increased steadily in the last few years and is only now beginning to be reassumed to some extent by the networks. In 1953, 1954, and 1955, when the balance of power was still with the networks, writers were freest to write. They consider the days of "Studio One" and "Philco-Goodyear Playhouse," "Lux Video Theatre," and "Kraft Television Theatre" the exciting beginning of a new dramatic form, a workshop for the new breed of television playwright. Producers and directors like Fred Coe and Worthington Miner and Bill Nichols and Delbert Mann, like Martin Manulis and John Frankenheimer and Arthur Penn, gave the writer full support, fighting, if necessary, to preserve the integrity of his ideas and his words against the distortions or dilutions of expediency.

". . . Six or seven years ago," said J. P. Miller on "Open End," "you could be lousy. People would experiment. There was a lot of excitement about the shows. Some of them were good; some of them were terrible; but you didn't stay . . . out of television because you did a bad show. Now there's too much riding . . . Everything's been pulled down to safety."

The greater the cost of programming, the greater the sponsor's stake and the greater his caution. The greater, inevitably, too, his control over programming through the advertising agency. And 1956 saw the beginning of the shift of power from the network itself to the agencies and the independent packagers, whose first concern was the attraction of the largest number of consumers and the alienation of the fewest.

More and more, control of the word slipped from the writer, resulting sometimes in basic alterations of character, locale, and meaning, sometimes in ludicrous substitutions of specific phrases offensive to a sponsor. Rod Serling, in his preface to a collection of television plays, gives instances of both:

"In this case ['The Arena'] I was dealing with a political story where much of the physical action took place on the floor of the United States Senate. One of the edicts that comes down from the Mount Sinai of Advertisers Row is that at no time in a political drama must a speech or character be equated with an existing political party or current political problem. . . . So, on the floor of the United States Senate . . . I was not permitted to have my Senators discuss any current or pressing problem. To talk of tariff was to align oneself with the Republicans; to talk of labor was to suggest control by the Democrats. To say a single thing germane to the current political scene was absolutely prohibited. So, on television, in April of 1956, several million viewers got a definitive picture of television's concept of politics and the way the government is run. They were treated to an incredible display . . . of groups of Senators shouting, gesticulating and talking in hieroglyphics about make-believe issues, using invented terminology, in a kind of prolonged, unbelievable double-talk. . . . In retrospect, I probably would have had a much more adult play had I made it science fiction, put it in the year 2057, and peopled the Senate with robots."

Of another program, Serling says: ". . . I was called in to make alterations in some of the dialogue. I was asked not to use the words 'American' or 'lucky.' Instead, the words were to be changed to 'United States' and 'fortunate.' The explanation was that this particular program was sponsored by a cigarette company and that 'American' and 'lucky' connoted a rival brand of cigarettes."

ANY PROFESSIONAL WRITER in any entertainment medium knows that dialogue changes are often essential to greater clarity or to better pace or characterization, and his argument is not with change itself but with the reason and nature of the change. If it is dictated purely by commercial considerations entirely apart from taste or fitness, the writer rebels. He has, however, only two ways to rebel if he resents this arbitrary invasion of his rights. One is to make the changes and take his name off the script involved, disavowing it. The other is to write for another medium. But if he stays in the medium and makes his peace with it, he must accept two major conditions apart from, and above, script changes and sponsor control. The first is pre-censorship. "Every one of us," said Chayefsky, "before we sit down and write a television show, makes that initial compromise of what we're going to write. We don't . . . conceive a television idea that we know is going to be thrown out the window. That's the compromise. I have never, never written down in television in my life, but I never aimed very high."

Most writers will freely admit that

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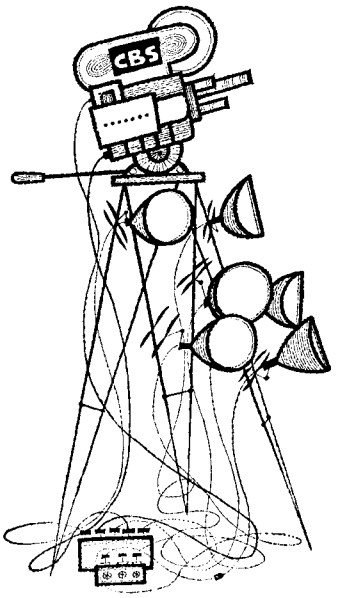
even under pre-censorship by self and post-censorship by others there is a wide range of subjects which they can treat with honesty and without seriously impairing their artistic integrity. Nor do they claim that if they were free to write on all the themes they wanted, no matter how controversial, they would turn out a series of successes, let alone consistently good drama. What they do agree about is the necessity of any creative worker to aim high and, if need be, miss the target: to express what he feels he must express rather than give less than he knows and less than he believes.

THE SECOND CONDITION for making peace with the medium—and the hardest—is to accept the interruption of commercials in the body of writing without the ability to control their placement, their time, or their content. A few years ago this interruption was manageable, if annoying. In the theater, competent playwrights accept the convention of three acts and two intermissions as a pattern based on the attention span of the audience and the need to catch the 11:30 to Scarsdale. A competent television writer accepts the shorter time segments dictated by television's needs and tailors his scripts to allow for commercials. It is not easy to sustain mood and action in these circumstances, but it can be done. Or rather, it *was* done. But lately, multiple sponsorship of shows like "Playhouse 90," which used to allow a writer three acts of more than sixteen minutes each, has divided a play into twelve- and thirteen-minute segments, so that "the over-all effect," wrote Serling, "was that of a chopped-up collection of short dramatic segments torn apart and intruded upon by constantly recurring commercials. Scenes had to be automatically 'curtained' at a high emotional pitch to accommodate the stoppage of action, the commercial, and then pick up the thread of the story line. It is obvious that a succession of phony curtains or emotional high points will eventually dilute the effect of any play."

Not only has the frequency of commercials become intolerable, but the kind of product advertised is often so alien to the play's mood that far more than mere continuity has been destroyed. Against this a writer has no weapons. He must watch a tenuous and delicate love scene followed by a toilet-paper ad, a poignant soliloquy terminated by a deodorant. No amount of rationalization that without the toilet paper or the deodorant there would be no play at all can obliterate the central fact of his humiliation as an artist.

HERE WE COME to the matter of prestige. Chayefsky, in the foreword to his collected plays, says: "In television, the writer is treated with



a peculiar mixture of mock deference and outright contempt. He is rarely consulted about casting, his scripts are frequently mangled without his knowing about it, and he is certainly the most poorly paid person in the production." Although Chayefsky wrote this in 1955, much of it is still true; and although men like Serling and Aurthur and Costigan and Miller gather kudos and awards and command top TV dramatists' pay, they are still lowest on the ladder of power. The control is out of their hands. In any society, power and prestige are companions. In television they are inseparable.

Their low prestige is reflected in their pay. It is true that last year the all-time top price of $10,000 was paid to a writer for a "Playhouse 90" script, for which the average ninety-minute rate is nearer $5,000. But this is equivalent to a full-length stage play in terms of work, and a writer would be extremely lucky if three such scripts were produced in a year. He can get anywhere from $3,500 to $5,000 for an hour's play, but again, the outlets for live drama are now so few that he would do well to sell four a year. As for the half-hour play, except for a rare chance on "Omnibus," which is still willing to experiment, the formula in conventional programs is so rigid and restrictive that the writer has neither the time nor the mandate to build mood and character. Even if he were content to constrain himself to accepted formulas, how many original half-hour scripts (outside of filmed serials) at about $1,200 each could he hope to place? It is extremely difficult, in short, for a top writer on television to earn more than $20,000-$30,000 a year, and it is the rare writer who approaches that.

Yet, as Chayefsky said on "Open End," "I don't think money ever took any of us out of this field . . . but the excitement went out of it for me." And Miller added later, "I bet you . . . if you came to any of us and said we could work under the conditions we would have in the theater and do a television play . . . if we could control the words all the way through . . . every one of us would jump at it." Prestige and money were not, finally, the decisive factors.

"If we could control the words . . ." In theater and in movies the control is shared, to a large extent—but with essentially creative people: producers and directors who are at home in the medium after years of work and experience with the written and spoken word, and whose main concern is with the successful communication of ideas. In television, the ultimate control and the interference are from businessmen who have had no experience in creative forms and whose main concern is with money. Some, it is true, have an instinct for what is good as well as for what will sell: we can thank perceptive sponsors for such joyous television occasions as Mary Martin in "Peter Pan" and Fred Astaire in "An Evening with Fred Astaire," and there are a number of other instances where art and money have made a happy marriage.

But these are sporadic programs in which, when all is said and done, the writer has played a minor role to actor, singer, and dancer. What we

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are concerned with here is the production of original drama. It is this form that is dying on the vine. Moreover, it is important to realize that this decline and desertion harms the public more than it does the writer, who can—and does—turn to the freer media.

There are signs that the powers in television are awakening to this fact after their long trance. CBS, under the aegis of President Louis G. Cowan, has recently announced a program of grants-in-aid for promising young writers, enabling them (on a modest sum of $5,000 a year) to "explore and develop their writing potentials." More such programs may follow, and the major networks are already announcing an expanded schedule of live dramatic productions and "specials" for next season. NBC/TV is coming up with a series of live dramas called "Sunday Showcase" in which Robert Alan Aurthur as executive producer promises to "excite people" with plays that have a "viewpoint," written by top dramatists, who are to be lured by a $10,000 bait for scripts and "plenty of freedom." All this is cause for satisfaction and hope.

But for the writer himself, commercial television will hold little inducement until he is given the power which is his right: the power to determine what he shall write about, how he shall write it, and where it may be interrupted. If a commercial is injurious to the mood or continuity of his script, he should have the right to question its tone and placement and request a change. If a sponsor wants a hack, he can hire a hack. But if he hires talent, he assumes an obligation to respect that talent.

A MEDIUM in which a commercial is sacred while a script is infinitely violable cannot pretend to develop an art form of its own. In this case the only way in which a writer can use the marvelous medium of television to its full extent is in a system where, as in Britain, sponsor and program are completely divorced, or in some form of pay TV. There is not one good writer, in fact, who has not expressed himself in favor of some alternative system that would ensure his release from sponsor domination and the degradation of talent it inevitably brings.

MOVIES

Mistaken Identities

JAY JACOBS

EXCEPT for the weary lion who delivers his customary somniloquy as a preamble to the credit list, nobody at M-G-M seems to have used his head in connection with the filming of *The Scapegoat*. The picture—in which Alec Guinness, a droll fellow indeed when given even *half* a chance, plays *two* roles—might have been one of the year's more diverting comedies, but its producers have seen fit to take an outrageous plot by Daphne Du Maurier seriously. The result is the sort of frantic melodrama that was popular with feminine audiences some years ago but will probably only bore movie goers of either sex today.

Mr. Guinness, a lonely English schoolmaster who looks on life with infinite loathing, arrives in France for his annual holiday, and, as he slopes off in search of his first cognac of the day, tells us all about how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable are the uses of this world. Although he is accosted along the way by a couple of people (one a well-assembled blonde) who seem to recognize him, Mr. Guinness is far too preoccupied with his loneliness to attempt to alleviate it, and will have no truck with anyone, until he runs into—of all people—Alec Guinness, in a bar. The two Guinnesses, after eying each other (himself?) rather warily, spend the remainder of the evening blotting up brandy together, an art in which the second Guinness is far more adept than his duplicate.

The next morning finds a badly hung-over Guinness I (as he will henceforth be called for purposes of simple identification) abandoned in the hotel room of his drinking companion (henceforth Guinness II), who before leaving has swapped clothes, papers, and, apparently, identities with him. Presently a chauffeur calls to pick up our hero and, humoring his protestations, drives his "master" off to the ancestral château, to meet the family—and the family psychiatrist. The family, as it develops, can make use of a resident headshrinker, since it includes a thoroughly distraught wife, a morphine-addicted dowager countess, an aberrated young daughter with a tendency toward religious fanaticism, and a shrewish sister-in-law who is patently out to make trouble. As if all this weren't enough, Guinness I soon discovers that he has inherited a mistress (the aforementioned blonde) who is installed in a nearby village.

Guinness I spends a day or two unsuccessfully trying to disabuse the family of the notion that he is the rightful head of the house, claiming that he's the victim of a diabolical plot of some sort. (They see it as a diabolical plot, all right, but consider him its perpetrator.) He soon develops a fondness for his "relatives," however (which seems to indicate that his life has been a lonely one indeed), and decides to go along with the game.

Just as he is beginning to bring new life to a failing marriage and a moribund business, Guinness I returns home from an afternoon's dalliance with his *petite amie* to find that his "wife" has been murdered, and that his "sister-in-law," who passed a lazy afternoon with her ear to the door of the master bedroom, is convinced that he is the murderer. (Guinnesses I and II, besides having identical appearances, have identical voices.) Guinness I is absolved by the corroborating testimony of the chauffeur, and the long-overdue denouement comes when Guinness II, who has taken advantage of these highly improbable circumstances to do in his wife and thereby come into her fortune, shows up and informs Guinness I that his little masquerade is over. "The hell you say," says Guinness I—or something to that effect—and the two Guinnesses produce pistols and blaze away at each

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other in the dark. If anyone cares, I think Guinness I is the survivor.

WHILE M-G-M has tried to make a melodrama of a comedy with *The Scapegoat*, the situation is more or less reversed in *Hercules*. In this case, an epic melodrama is reduced, if not to comedy, to travesty. No less than three screenwriters were engaged to assemble the script for this Warner Brothers extravaganza, and I strongly suspect that their *modus operandi* was to heave a wet copy of Bulfinch's *Age of Fable* into an electric fan, after telling the director to shoot whatever stuck to the walls. All things considered, this may be the worst movie turned loose since Edison started fooling around with his Kinetoscope. The eponymous hero is played by an American weight lifter named Steve Reeves who, according to his publicist, is "currently the top ranking film star in twenty-five countries" (Andorra? Swat?? Liechtenstein???), and who is probably the only male on the screen today whose acting is restricted to the flexure of his pectorals. Mr. Reeves is abetted by a large band of Italian bravos who were fashioned, apparently, by some of nature's journeymen, whose English is ventriloquized, and whose performances go a long way toward explaining Vittorio de Sica's reluctance to hire union help for *his* pictures. Mr. Reeves, when he isn't engaged in grunting matches with Nemean lions, Cretan bulls, mechanical dragons, or mechanical actresses, can be heard rumbling such Olympian pronouncements as "I want children of my own" and "I can't stand feeling superior!" In the picture, Hercules never gets around to cleaning the Augean stables.

ONE OF the more felicitous inspirations of the summer is Continental Distributing's decision to release a complete version of Jean Renoir's twenty-two-year-old classic, *Grand Illusion*. If you have previously seen this splendid film, I hardly need urge you to see it again. If you are young enough to have missed it, you're doubly fortunate in having both your youth and an opportunity to discover how good movies occasionally were before they got better than ever.

Forgetting and Remembering

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

THE FRENCH very nearly missed seeing their own film *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* at their Cannes Film Festival. Someone in the French foreign office decided that it would prove harmful to Franco-American relations and sought to have its showing prohibited. But when the American embassy learned of the matter, it indicated clearly that it did not want to be used as an excuse for censorship. So the film was shown; it won the Critics Prize; soon it will reach the United States.

At thirty-nine, Alan Resnais, who directed the movie, had already made a film dealing with Nazi concentration camps and another on the National Library in Paris. He is obsessed by the problem of memory —more precisely, of man's refusal to

remember. In his approach to this problem, Resnais employs a technical cinematic device: the use of a special lens for images that belong to the past. He believes all individual action takes place against the background of our collective history.

IN *Hiroshima, Mon Amour,* every joyful scene shimmers like a delicate mist over a spectacle full of agony and ruin. Behind the closed eyelids of lovers in Japan there is Hiroshima; behind ours in France there is always the German occupation.

On the eve of her return to France a Frenchwoman, who is in Hiroshima to act in a peace-propaganda film, meets a Japanese to whom she is immediately attracted. An opening sequence shows a woman's hand on a man's bare shoulder. "You have a wonderful skin," she says—and then a bright, and impalpable dust falls slowly; it covers the two bodies and illuminates them. The evocation of horror has begun.

These two lovers-for-a-night cannot help thinking of the past that once made them enemies and still divides them even as they lie together. "I have seen everything in Hiroshima," muses the woman, while the screen shows today's rebuilt city, its atomic museum with its unbearable photographs. The Japanese answers, "You have seen nothing of Hiroshima"—nothing because she was not there at that precise instant when the sun's heat descended upon earth and two hundred thousand human beings perished or were crippled. She cannot imagine what that moment was like. She has seen nothing.

The woman's face is drawn, a little strained. What story lies behind it? We find out in a way that is a kind of visual counterpart to the Proustian remembrance of things past. Proust was led to the past when he stumbled on two unevenly set cobblestones in the courtyard of the Guermantes town house and again when he dipped a little cake, a madeleine, into a cup of hot tea. In this film it is the image of a hand relaxed in sleep, of a river flowing between its quays, that bring to the woman's consciousness the memory of her love, during the last war, for a German soldier.

It was in the little town of Nevers that a young girl, heedless of the adult game of death, committed the abominable crime of loving a boy of her own age in enemy uniform. After the Liberation she is dishonored; her head is shaved; her parents lock her up in a cellar ("society tramped over my head")—and pretend to the world that she is dead. The shame leaves her untouched because her grief is stronger than shame; her German lover had been killed.

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS the tragedy has remained buried in memory. In this Hiroshima night it returns to the surface, because once

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again she loves a man; perhaps also because the man belongs to a country that, like Germany, was a former enemy, and because she is in Hiroshima, that monument to war's shame and horror.

Images of memory return—the roofs of Nevers in a morning mist—and briefly are superimposed on the bright, geometric pattern of modern Hiroshima. The man questions the woman. She tells him of her German lover; the confession brings the two closer together, permits the man to enter into an alien life. But to the woman the confession brings despair: "For the first time I am telling our story," she says to the dead German soldier. "See how I am forgetting you."

We forget the best and the worst. Happiness and pain sink into oblivion—into an oblivion more empty than death itself. All night long the Frenchwoman and the Japanese have weighed the possibility of sharing a new life together; but both are married, tied to their children; too many human beings are involved. The time draws near for her plane to take her back to France. This night spent together will be no more than an intermission. That, too, will be of no importance, since we forget even our first love, since men have forgotten even Hiroshima. "Oblivion starts in the eyes, and then you can hear it in the voice," says the woman, and, holding in her hands the face of a lover whose name she does not even know, she says: "Hiroshima will be your name, Hiroshima *mon amour*."

MUCH MORE could be said of this film, which so well accomplishes what it sets out to do: to remind us that we are both the victims and masters of war. Through its opening scenes in Hiroshima, Resnais deliberately brings back to our memory a catastrophe that deprives war of any morality. Without this preliminary step, moreover, no French director could have presented a story discrediting the vengeful acts performed by the French after the Liberation. The ultimate meaning of this difficult, bold, and technically interesting film is all in the title: Love must concern itself with its extreme opposite, the hatefulness of war.

ART

Does Picasso Still Exist?

HILTON KRAMER

THE TENDENCY to confer a mythical status on the protagonists of modern art has nowhere produced a more dazzling public image than in the personality of Pablo Picasso. His face, at once clownish and virile, with its brilliant dark eyes that fix a gaze of gaiety and fierceness in every encounter with the camera, looks out at us from a hundred magazines and movie screens. His off-the-cuff remarks are duly reported in the gossip columns as well as the serious art press, and there is no end to the publication of books about him: solemn monographs, silly picture books, quicky albums of color plates, books at every level of seriousness and frivolity.

Other painters, younger and still confined (as it were) to their private lives, have lately taken to dismissing Picasso as a "movie star." Certainly it is true that his recent paintings belong less to the history of art than to the history of publicity. They continue to bring enormous prices on the art market, but as an influence on younger artists—which is to say, as a source of ideas—these paintings are of no importance. The younger generations in Paris and New York are plainly not interested in the work which now emerges from his studio. It passes directly from his plush villa in the South of France through the plush galleries of Paris and New York to the plushier apartments of the *nouveau riche* collectors who can afford it. At no point on this brisk commercial journey does Picasso's new work enter into the commerce of artistic ideas.

Coming upon a recent Picasso at some big international exhibition nowadays, one is struck by its lack of seriousness. At the huge Carnegie International in Pittsburgh last winter, the painting by which Picasso was represented was such a pathetic demonstration of academic modernism that scarcely a single critic felt called upon to comment on it. Everyone recognized it as a token of the past, a painting which did not enter into the aesthetic issues of the exhibition as a whole. The rudiments were still handled with the ease of genius, but conceptually there was nothing to sustain one's attention. It was all too clear that this man, who had been for so long the most singular influence on the whole modern movement and whose earlier work is still the source of ideas for many younger artists the world over, had moved himself to the sidelines.

IN THE FACE of this situation, Mr. Roland Penrose's biography, *Picasso: His Life and Work* (Harper, $6.00), is an especially welcome document. Mr. Penrose is an English writer and art collector, an organizer of the English surrealist group in the 1930's and now the fine-arts officer for the British Council in Paris. He has been an intimate of the Picasso circle for a quarter century, and he writes out of a deep concern for both the man and his work. The result is a biography in the traditional life-and-times manner, written with lucidity, intelligence, and careful attention to detail. It follows a year-by-year, often even a month-by-month and picture-by-picture chronology. It suffers perhaps from an unwillingness to face the critical task of discerning what in Picasso's *oeuvre* represents a real achievement and what, by the standards Picasso himself has laid down in his best work, is merely a brilliant dodge. This question becomes increasingly problematical as Mr. Penrose turns his attention to the period since the 1930's. Yet, unlike most commentators on Picasso, Mr. Penrose redeems his uncritical devotion to every phase of the artist's career by giving us a great deal of solid fact. Everyone interested in the actual history of mod-

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ern art will be grateful for his painstaking documentation of Picasso's development.

The figure who emerges from Mr. Penrose's biography is, without doubt, one of the most supremely gifted artists of modern times. Born in Málaga in 1881, Picasso was the son of a teacher of painting in the Spanish academies. Doted upon by his family as a prodigy while still a child, he passed quickly from the tutelage of his father to the bohemian atmosphere of Barcelona in the 1890's. This was the milieu which Picasso frequented in his teens, a milieu in which Ibsen and Wagner, Nietzsche and Kropotkin, Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites and the rediscovery of El Greco formed the tastes and values of the painters, poets, and anarchist intellectuals who became his friends.

PICASSO made his first trip to Paris at nineteen, and settled there permanently four years later, in 1904. His outlook in this period, already formed by the anarchism and bohemian aestheticism of Barcelona, was strengthened by the literary and artistic ferment of Paris at the turn of the century. He took his place in this ferment with astonishing speed, and was very shortly an important figure in the circle which included the poets Apollinaire, Max Jacob, Alfred Jarry, Pierre Reverdy, André Salmon, the painters Braque, Derain, and Matisse, and the perspicacious Leo and Gertrude Stein. With the painting of *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* in 1907, scarcely three years after his arrival, Picasso became the undisputed master of the Parisian avant-garde.

As every schoolboy knows, the *Demoiselles d'Avignon* was the prologue to the great adventure of Cubism, the most radical and profound revision of western painting since the Renaissance. And it is here that one confronts the first of the ironies in Picasso's great career. He was already in this early period a personality of marked individualism, intensely absorbed in his own ideas, gifted with an imperious wit, and altogether self-sufficient in his grasp of the artistic possibilities which lay before him. Yet, in what is generally agreed to be his supreme achievement, the creation of Cubism, Picasso abandoned his individualism to engage in an intimate and historic collaboration with Georges Braque. It was a collaboration in every sense; Picasso himself called it a "marriage," and Braque later said that they had been working "rather like mountaineers roped together."

The style produced by this collaboration marked a break with naturalistic appearances. While Cubism never abandoned subject-matter as such, it transferred the problem of pictorial composition from the realm of direct visual perception to the more autonomous and uncharted realm of artistic conception. The impulse behind this

change had profound implications; Picasso and Braque had burdened the act of perception with such a multifarious awareness that a perceptual mode of depiction could no longer render it in a single composition.

During the years of their collaboration, 1909-1914, both Picasso and Braque attained a mastery of conception and execution in their painting which very few artists of our century have equaled. It was the war which interrupted this inspired "marriage." Braque was called to service, and thereafter each man went his own way.

With his circle of friends shattered by the war, and the old freedom and optimism of their outlook darkened by historical events, Picasso's life took a different turn. He got involved with Cocteau and the Russian Ballet, and had his first taste of that world of publicity, celebrity, and international high jinks from which, in a sense, he has never fully returned.

In the 1920's Picasso still produced work of great consequence, if less consistently than before the war. By the 1930's he was a "figure." The myth was beginning to take hold, while fame and a considerable fortune rapidly accumulated. For a short period it looked as if his collaboration with the Spanish sculptor Julio Gonzalez would flower into a production as brilliant as his great Cubist period. It proved to be short-lived, but even so, Picasso's metal sculpture of the 1930's left a profound mark on the art of the next quarter century.

For myself, I find this sculpture far more significant than the work which brought Picasso his greatest fame at that time: the *Guernica* mural painted for the Spanish Pavilion of the International Exhibition of 1937. Though it is a powerful avowal of Picasso's agony at the historical tragedy that had overtaken his native country, it remains less a painting than a dazzling cartoon by a graphic artist of genius. The sculpture of this period is still the work of a pure sensibility, capable of focusing all his gifts with precision and force, whereas *Guernica*, for all its tragic aspiration, is the first of those publicity pictures which show Picasso to be completely taken in by his own public image. He was to produce more of them at the time of the Korean war.

THE LAST CHAPTERS of Mr. Penrose's biography make sad reading when we recall Picasso's early days. They scarcely seem to describe the same man who endured the poverty and ferment of the Bateau Lavoir group—and of course they don't. For the man who now welcomes "dealers from all parts of the world, collectors, publishers, film stars, fashion experts, photographers, and architects" is another Picasso, the mythical Picasso, the Picasso who plays host to Gary Cooper and the editors of *L'Humanité* with the same good cheer, the Picasso who walked out on modern art sometime in the 1930's and hasn't been seen since.

Mr. Penrose tells one story which points up the pathos of this situation. In 1950 Picasso came to England to attend one of those innumerable "peace congresses," and Mr. Penrose met him at Victoria Station. "As soon as we met he explained that his friends, almost without exception, had been turned back from Dover as dangerous revolutionaries, 'and I,' he said with anxiety, 'what can I have done that they should allow me through?'"

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MUSIC

The Faces of Harry Belafonte

NAT HENTOFF

DEPENDING on whom one reads and talks to, Harry Belafonte is several people. A recent widely publicized *American Weekly* article characterized him as arrogant and narcissistic and quoted his former wife as saying he wants to be white. This April in Washington, members of the Youth March for Integrated Schools presented him with a citation. A booking agent who dislikes his singing style nonetheless watches gleefully when Belafonte appears at the Waldorf-Astoria because "he not only crams those songs about Jim Crow down their throats, but he makes them pay so much to hear the truth."

Belafonte's mail similarly is sent to different images of him. There are protest letters, some psychotically violent. Belafonte files the latter in case anything should ever happen to his family. A recent letter from a girl in Mississippi asked if he'd sell her an autographed picture. She isn't allowed, she explained, to watch him or any other Negro on TV at home, and has to slip over to her friend's house to see him.

There are protests from Negroes. Just as older jazzmen were not allowed to play the blues in the parlors of upper-middle-class Negroes thirty and more years ago—and in many homes the blues are still not welcome—so Belafonte is criticized by some contemporary Negroes for singing of chain gangs, cotton picking, and other reminders of the times when the Negro was regarded as property.

"To some of them," Belafonte says sadly, "the supreme goal has come to mean not just equality with whites but total acceptance of white culture. Their own past is no good. They don't like my singing "Cotton Fields," for example. They want to forget all the pain of that life, but they don't see the history that's there. The cotton empire was built on the sweat, blood, and annihilation of hundreds of thousands of Negroes. And in that very song, there are the lines

Yes, I was over in Arkansas
When the sheriff asked me
What did you come here for?

that are another indication of the pressure that was always on to contain the Negro. It's hardly a song that accepts those conditions."

OTHER Belafonte songs are blunter. He will not appear on television unless he has complete control of his part of a program. On his Steve Allen appearance a few months ago, he chose all the songs, including "Darlin' Cora":

Wake up, wake up, Darlin' Cora,
I want to see you one more time
The sheriff and the hound dogs are comin'
I got to move on down the line.

I don't know why, Darlin' Cora,
Don't know what the reason can be
I never yet found a single town
Where me and the boss agree.

I ain't a man to be played with
I ain't nobody's toy
Been workin' for my pay for a long, long time
How come he still calls me boy . . .

I whopped that man, Darlin' Cora,
He fell down where he stood
Don't know if I was wrong, Darlin' Cora,
But Lord, it shore felt good . . .

Belafonte is careful, however, not to editorialize throughout a program on television, in a night club, or at a concert. "If there's no relief, they won't be entertained, and if they're not entertained, no message at all will get through. Also, whenever we're singing material that has protest in it, the audience must un-

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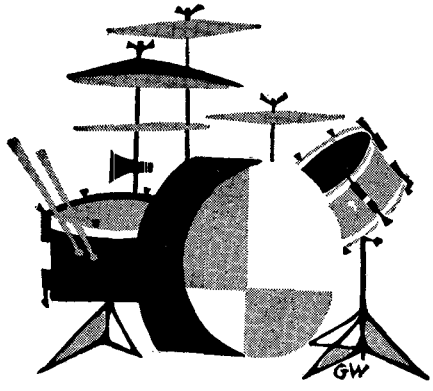
derstand that this is a protest they're more or less invited to be part of, and not be the recipients of. Otherwise, how could we make our point?"

IN ALL his work—singing, acting, producing films—Belafonte feels that he is living at least a double existence. He is an artist, but he is also a Negro artist. "There are certain roles I've been asked to play in films, roles as a villain. I wanted to do some of them badly, but the pictures weren't balanced. They didn't have another Negro who was *not* a villain."

"You're being hypersensitive," a visitor told Belafonte. "If the Negro wants to be accepted as an equal, he has to make it as a bad guy as well as a hero."

Belafonte, characteristically tense and careful about what he says and how he says it, paused for what seemed a long time. "Certainly that's a valid point," he finally said, "but we're in a period in which all of us —white and Negro—are in a state of growth in our relations with each



other. That's why we need a balance now in Negro roles in a powerful medium like films."

By balance, however, Belafonte doesn't mean the Negro in films should be, as he said recently in the New York *Times,* "one side of a black-and-white sociological argument where brotherhood always wins in the end." In the pictures his own company, Harbel Productions, is planning, he intends "to show the Negro in conflicts that stem from the general human condition and not solely from the fact of his race."

"What about Amos and Andy?" Belafonte was asked. "Negroes watch and like them and yet they're criticized by hypersensitive people in much the same way some Jews protest against dialect comedians."

"I'm not offended by their sense of comedy," Belafonte answered. "They're skillful. But they do contribute to the caricature of Negroes as shiftless people who look for easy ways out, who are inarticulate, engage in subterfuge, and get into outlandish situations. Nearly all Negroes are like that, according to their scripts."

Belafonte's concern with spreading a more accurate image of the Negro extends to what's taught about Negro history in schools. "Except for advanced students in colleges and universities, most pupils are given a distorted idea of what the Negro has done and who he is. You ought to look at some of the history books in grammar and high schools. Many Negro history professors have called for the revision of those books, and it'll have to be done. The sooner, the better."

BELAFONTE'S own multiple image of himself figured in his long search for a New York apartment last year. It was the same year in which the city had passed the Sharkey-Brown-Isaacs bill, the first municipal law forbidding discrimination in private housing. Despite the law, Belafonte found himself welcome as a passing celebrity but not as a neighbor.

"The most frequent reaction," he says drily, "was 'I love you as an artist and I do want you to understand that it's not me who won't let you have the apartment.' The tenants would say it was the landlord or the renting agent. The landlord or the renting agent would say it was the stockholders. The stockholders, when I got that high, would say it was the will of the tenants.

"The answer is, the law hasn't enough teeth. Discrimination has to be made a *criminal* offense. It's nothing for people with large investments to pay a small fine and risk breaking the law again and again. I don't want to minimize the importance of the bill, but it has to be a lot stronger.

"But," Belafonte grinned with little humor, "the apartment hunting didn't make me any more bitter. I'm not the last angry man. I've got no monkey on my back."

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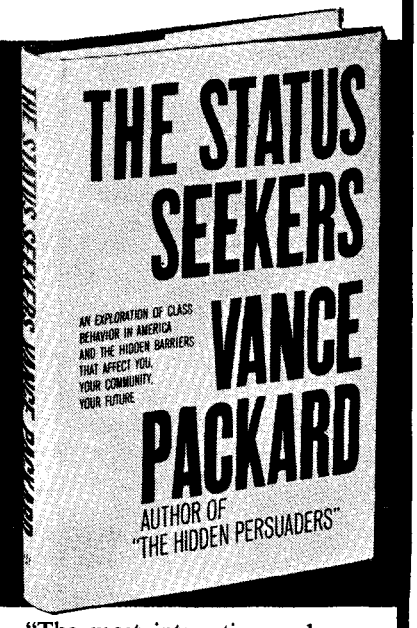
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BOOKS

The Generalissimo's Birthmark

SID GOLDBERG

MILITARY BIOGRAPHY OF GENERALISSIMO RAFAEL LEONIDAS TRUJILLO MOLINA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMED FORCES, by Lieutenant Ernesto Vega y Pagan, with a foreword by Major General Rafael A. Espaillat and dedication by Lieutenant General José García Trujillo; translated by Ida Espaillat. ***Editorial Atenas, Ciudad Trujillo, D.R. Price unmarked.***

This is unquestionably the finest military biography of Generalissimo Trujillo to appear in several years. It is written by Lieutenant Ernesto Vega y Pagan of the Dominican Navy, the same author, it may be recalled, who supplied us with the *History of the Dominican National Guard* some years back. His second offering is every bit as timely, objective, and appealing as his first.

Although the *Military Biography* has only seventy-six pages of text (in addition, there are prefaces, appendices, and some eighty full-page photostats of important documents), it cannot be read in one sitting. It is the sort of volume one likes to pick up, read a few pages, reflect, and then put down again.

Lieutenant Vega is particularly solicitous of those who would know more of the early military career of the future Benefactor. He answers all those questions which for years have tantalized so many of us: How did Trujillo receive his first commission in the Dominican Constabulary Guard? Who was responsible for his preliminary physical examination, and who wrote the memo regarding it? Moreover, was this memo handed to young Trujillo personally or was it delivered through interoffice mail to the appropriate physician?

All this—and more—Lieutenant Vega fully answers, and, in the historical tradition of Leopold von Ranke, supports each of his findings with "narratives of eye-witnesses and the most genuine immediate documents." Indeed, in his faithful reproduction of source material, he might be said to out-Ranke Ranke.

Among the documents Lieutenant Vega has dug up, for example, is the actual written request for a commission which Trujillo sent to Colonel C. F. Williams of the United States Marines, then administering the Dominican Republic.

"On December 9, 1918," Lieutenant Vega writes, "young Trujillo applied for *'a commission in that worthy institution, the Dominican Constabulary Guard,'* in a letter addressed to its Commanding Officer. We consider the letter so important that we quote it below and include a photostatic copy of the original in Spanish."

SANTO DOMINGO, December 9, 1918

COLONEL C. F. WILLIAMS
COMMANDING OFFICER, D.C.G.
CIUDAD

COLONEL WILLIAMS:

I respectfully request a commission in the Dominican Constabulary Guard, worthy institution you command.

I would like to state that I do not drink or smoke and have never been arrested even for minor infractions of the law.

I am married, 27 years old, and belong to one of the best families of my home town, San Cristobal, which is 30 kilometers from this city.

Honorable persons from my home town can vouch for my character. Here you may contact Judge Rafael A. Perdomo, Mr. Eugenio A. Alvarez, Secretary of the Lower Court and Lic. Armando Rodriguez, Legal Adviser to the Department of Justice and Education.

Sincerely yours,
RAFAEL L. TRUJILLO

"The letter speaks for itself," Lieutenant Vega notes. "The American authorities must have checked on this young man who with so much assurance described himself . . ."

The self-assurance and forthrightness of this young Caesar apparently overwhelmed the Marine Corps commandant, for on the following day Colonel Williams informed his subordinate, Major James M. McLean, of Trujillo's request—and just two days later, on December 12, 1918, Major McLean shot back a memo stating: "I have no objections to the request."

For those who doubt that this memo was ever written, Lieutenant Vega supplies a full-page photostatic reproduction of the original. (The photostat, however, shows Major McLean writing: "I have no objections to this applicant," not "I have no objections to the request," as it appears in the textual part of the book. This is one of Lieutenant Vega's small factual errors, which, though annoying, do not affect the general merit of the book.)

AT THIS POINT, the author permits himself a bit of historical speculation—the only time he does so in the entire work, it should be noted. He states that Colonel Williams, after receiving the memo from Major McLean, prepared a memorandum for Manuel Aybar, Jr., presumably one of Colonel Williams's aides-de-camp:

AYBAR

Have Trujillo xmined [*sic*] by doctor Monday.

CFW

"We believe it was handed to Trujillo himself, with the request that he be given a physical examination the following Monday," is the way Lieutenant Vega brilliantly analyzes the pithy note.

That Colonel Williams intended the examination to be scheduled on Monday there is no doubt, for his scrawled message is duly preserved in a full-page photostat on page twenty-five of the *Military Biography*. Whether or not this memorandum was actually placed into the hands of young Trujillo, however, is problematic, and Lieutenant Vega offers no supporting evidence for this except his own convictions.

In any event, perhaps to ensure that there would be no mixup, on December 16 another memo was sent to Dr. C. A. Broaddus, a lieutenant in the U.S. Marines Medical Corps. Lieutenant Vega's caption to the photostatic reproduction has it that this memo was written by Major MacLean, but the signature is that

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of Colonel Williams. Lieutenant Vega's confusion is understandable, however, because Colonel Williams has in this case chosen to sign himself "Major":

16 Dec. 18

DR. BROADDUS

Will you please examine this man, Rafael Trujillo, for commission in the Guardia Nacional Dominicana.

Thanks.

C. F. WILLIAMS (sig.)
Major. U.S.M.C.

A FLURRY of photostats, with textual analysis by Lieutenant Vega, then verifies the fact that Trujillo not only was examined by Dr. Broaddus but that he passed and was duly commissioned a second lieutenant in the Dominican National Guard. Among the new information disclosed in this particular chapter is that Dr. Broaddus found a birthmark on Trujillo's right forearm and "a spot" in his right eye.

Although the memos, counter-memos, official letters, and enclosures that accompanied Trujillo's rise from second lieutenant to commander-in-chief would be of interest only to the specialist, there still remains much in this book for the casual summertime reader. Trujillo's efficiency ratings, for example.

Lieutenant Vega has collected for us every efficiency rating issued to Trujillo during his military career. It is the fullest set of such reports this reviewer, for one, has ever seen. Although Trujillo's ratings in "material maintenance" were relatively low, the author points out that "His marks in *'Military Bearing,' 'Cleanliness of person and uniforms'* and *'Way of wearing uniform and care of same'* were excellent. These qualities have remained unchanged throughout his entire career . . ."

It is also to Trujillo's credit that in answer to the question "Has he taken advantage of opportunities for advancement in his career?," the rating officer persistently wrote in "Yes" in every report.

An Eye for Lesser Tyrannies

H.R. TREVOR-ROPER

VOLTAIRE'S POLITICS: THE POET AS REALIST, by Peter Gay. *Princeton. $6.*

What were Voltaire's politics? Had he any? Was he merely, as Taine thought, an impulsive, irresponsible spirit, or, as Tocqueville supposed, an abstract theorist "out of touch with practical politics"? Was his political philosophy, as Emile Faguet wrote, only "a chaos of clear ideas"? Or did he really advocate a consistent policy—tempered, of course, to changing reality? Obviously any man who lived to be over eighty, whose works can fill a hundred volumes, who was in constant danger from powerful enemies (almost all Voltaire's great works were either clandestine or condemned, and some were burned by the hangman), and who lived alternately in royalist France, liberal England, despotic Prussia, and republican Geneva, must have expressed himself in many different, even contradictory forms. But is there, behind these variations and contradictions—behind the flattery of patrons, the fear of censors, the exaggerations of propaganda, the simplifications of style—a consistent philosophy of politics? Mr. Gay thinks there is, if it can only be extracted; and the only way to extract it, he says, is "to read Voltaire's writings in the light of the circumstances that called them forth," "to consider the social and legal position of the man of letters in the 18th century."

THIS HE DOES, in some detail and with admirable completeness. Indeed, at times he almost embeds Voltaire in his political context. This may seem excessive zeal if we believe, as we well may, that the importance of Voltaire (or of any great thinker) is that he transcends that context, has disengaged himself from it. But no doubt it adds to our understanding to see him thus remorselessly and learnedly put back: to see Voltaire's "striking relativism"; his support of

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IMAGE OF AMERICA

by R. L. BRUCKBERGER

Foreword by Peter F. Drucker

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aristocratic liberalism in England, of enlightened despotism in Russia, of constitutional absolutism in France, of bourgeois republicanism in Geneva—to see, in Mr. Gay's words, "the poet as realist," the irrepressible, volcanic, infidel Voltaire jogging along in sensible support of limited changes, or no change, in the *status quo*.

He wanted no change in England. From first to last Voltaire was a committed Anglophile. In England he saw an enlightened aristocracy, a subdued Church, learning and the arts publicly honored, commerce and bourgeois virtue rewarded, freedom of industry, of thought, of the press. But England, of course, was a special case, with a special history behind it. In France, in Prussia, in Russia, the same results, if they were to be attained, must be attained differently. In France, the obstacles to such enlightenment were the privileges of the obscurantist Church and the aristocratic *parlements*. In France, therefore, Voltaire supported the Crown, first against the Church, then against the *parlements*. In his histories, in his pamphlets, he sustained the *thèse royale*: kings, civilized, enlightened kings, with philosophers at their elbow, must use royal power to abolish these ancient obstructions. This is what Frederick the Great seemed likely to do in Prussia; what Henri IV and Louis XIV had begun in France and Peter the Great in Russia. Why should not Louis XV continue it in France, and the "Semiramis of the North," Catherine the Great, in Russia? True, Louis XV was weak and surrendered to the Church (and Louis XVI was weak and surrendered to the *parlements*); true, Catherine "is being reproached with some bagatelle concerning her husband" (that is, with having murdered him); but what other agency of enlightenment was there? The Church was *"l'infame,"* the aristocracy a system of petty tyrants. It was easier to enlighten one tyrant than many; so Voltaire threw his weight behind the royal power, not absolutely, but in hope.

It is a perfectly justifiable position. Mr. Gay justifies it with learning and with ease, sometimes with too much of both. But perhaps one should also add that it was by no means original, being the stock philosophy of all courtier-philosophers, and that it had an inherent weakness: the kings seldom did what was hoped of them; and that though it may have been a reasonable general hope, or a justifiable expedient at any given time, it is hardly profound enough to be called a political philosophy. Those who accepted it were obliged to appeal, in the end, to that regular eighteenth-century concept, the "clemency of the Prince"; to hope for a philosopher-prince who (as in Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* or Voltaire's *Agathocles*), since he cannot be compelled, voluntarily submits to his subjects' wishes.

This is not to say that Voltaire's politics are not interesting. They are interesting as any aspect of genius is interesting. But let us not suppose that politics were the object of Voltaire's genius. To elevate Voltaire's political genius, as Mr. Gay does, above that of Montesquieu and Tocqueville—"lighthearted *littérateurs*" who "do not understand the

meaning of politics"—is excessive. Montesquieu's *L'Esprit des Lois* may have been a "brilliant restatement" of the *thèse nobiliaire*; but does that necessarily make it less profound than Voltaire's brilliant restatements of the *thèse royale*? The question is not what immediate interests a work of political thought may serve, but what general truth it discovers. When all allowances have been made, the concept of an organic society with local pressures—whether aristocratic or not—has proved more fruitful than that of a hypothetically enlightened metropolitan despotism.

We can see this if we seek to relate Voltaire's political means to his nonpolitical ends. Undoubtedly, Voltaire aimed at tolerance, enlightenment, freedom, material prosperity. Undoubtedly, England was the only country that he admired without qualification, as having achieved these objects. Undoubtedly, this achievement was the result of constitutional and local resistance to the English Crown in the seventeenth century. But place Voltaire in the English seventeenth century, and where would his philosophy have led him? The Stuart court was far less oppressive than the Bourbon; the English Puritans no less parochial, no less bigoted than the "Jansenist" *parlements* of France. The English Crown was "rational," modern in its claims: the English Parliament fought for the medieval common law, what Voltaire called *"les décombres d'un bâtiment gothique ruiné."* If Charles I was weak, he was no weaker than Louis XV or Louis XVI. Voltaire might have been on the side whose victory achieved his ideal, but it is questionable whether his theory would have put him there.

For in truth Voltaire was never a theorist; and since Mr. Gay admits this, it seems unreasonable of him to make comparisons (and especially such comparisons) between Voltaire and far profounder political thinkers. Voltaire was a man of genius with political preferences, and he knew very well what kind of a world he wanted. He wanted a world free from superstition, free from barbarity, free from war: comfortable, enlightened, "modern." How such a society came about was not of great interest to him. Perhaps it arose out of struggles which in themselves (especially if they were the struggles of theologians, "pedants," or the ignorant or the poor) bored him. In that case, he would not analyze them too deeply. "When pedants battle, philosophers triumph." His business was to preach the ultimate aim, not to theorize about the process: to praise the men of enlightenment in every age, whether kings, nobles, or philosophers, and to attack their enemies, even if they were not always priests. As for present politics, he bet his shirt on Frederick the Great, on Catherine the Great, on Louis XV, and lost it each time. Frederick deviated into war after war, Catherine into murder after murder, Louis XV inopportunely died. Fortunately Voltaire was a philosophic loser (except to the Church) and had plenty of shirts. Mr. Gay has given an excellent, well-documented account of his successive speculations and has shown the fundamental consistency, if not the philosophic profundity, of his lifelong betting system.

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The Youngest Man Who Ever Was

ALFRED KAZIN

A CASEBOOK ON EZRA POUND. Edited by William Van O'Connor and Edward Stone. *Crowell. $2.50.*

Imagine that you have just entered college, that you were born in 1941 or 1942, and that you have never or just barely heard of Ezra Pound, an elderly American poet who now lives in Italy. The textbook assigned to you in freshman composition is the present collection of documents —"The Case Of Ezra Pound: Pro And Con selections Intended to be used as Controlled Source Material for the Freshman English Course." It is a remarkable collection; there is nothing like it anywhere else, for here you can read even the citation of his alma mater, Hamilton College, when it gave Pound an honorary degree. Included are newspaper and magazine stories on the case, the official medical report of 1945 by psychiatrists at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington declaring Pound "insane and mentally unfit for trial," a reminiscence by a former editor of *Poetry* magazine on listening to Pound's broadcasts in England while waiting for D-Day, a remarkable memoir by a soldier who was one of Pound's guards when he was kept in a special wire cage in disciplinary barracks near Pisa, the statement of the judges who awarded Pound the Bollingen Award for the best book of poetry published in 1948, a sampling of the literary controversy, observations of Pound in the mental hospital, documents and statements on Pound's eventual release last year and return to Italy.

Now students, when you have read the documents in the case, you will of course write a paper, and in the back of this excellently arranged and thoughtful book you will find "Topics for Research Exercises." The editors explain that "All the topics below can be developed in 300-1000 words from the documents in this volume, but students should be encouraged to extend their investigations with the resources of the library." By all means extend your investigations! Still, only a few of you freshmen will actually extend them, and it is only these rare ones who will be puzzled or made unhappy by the case of Pound; the more you look into it, the more puzzled you will be.*

All other students, being clever enough to get into college anyway, will recognize this book as another aberration of the middle-aged professors who have unbelievable and inaccessible memories of the revolutionary 1930's and apocalyptic 1940's. Being sensible boys and girls, you will read the documents in the case as if you understood them, and on the basis of this one book you will write your little research papers, report your own opinions pro and con as if you knew all about the case, and drop Pound just in time to become sophomores.

History, someone said, is written by the survivors, but it has to be arranged so that freshmen can come to grips with it. In an "American problems" course I once taught, apple-cheeked youngsters, after listening to a few outside lectures on transcendentalism and after reading one pamphlet made up of highly selected passages on and about Emerson and Thoreau, had to write a paper defending or attacking the actual course of opinion that these writers followed. Of course most students had no real opinion, just as they had no direct knowledge; but I remember with admiration how well they impersonated understanding.

So the case of Ezra Pound, poet

*Ezra Pound could be a beautiful poet, in dribs and drabs of isolated lyric pieces. His real gift is only for pastiche. He has imitated the Greeks, the Chinese, and finally his own youth. But he has always been obsessed; for a number of years he was clearly insane, and what makes him puzzling—if you really look into him—is his manic oscillation between savagery and tenderness, between real insight and phony scholarship. Any man of good will *must* be divided about Pound. For myself, surrounded as I am by inexpungable memories of the millions of dead, I cannot think of the purely literary case made out for Pound without horror.

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and madman, the author of some of the most beautiful lyrics in twentieth-century English poetry, who celebrated Nazi massacres as "fresh meat on the Russian steppes," becomes a research topic for kids who were just getting born when Pound was broadcasting his useless, idiotic, unintelligible, and often obscene messages to the great democracy "held captive" by Franklin D. Roosevelt. It is not a fault that these kids were born in 1941 or 1942, or that these days in America it is often unfashionable for young people to have a normal share in the memories of older people. Young people have learned that the 1930's were seditious and the 1940's a mistake, and they have conveniently developed amnesia about dangerous times. (But it is amazing how quickly their *feelings* can be stirred on issues, like the New Deal, on which they are supposed to have no data.) Nor can we criticize Messrs. Stone and O'Connor for drawing up so useful a collection of documents—on the contrary! But it is worthwhile to remember, while a few of us old people are still around to oppose the truth to the "facts," that these documents cannot convey the anguish and folly of the "Pound case" to freshmen. And oddly enough, for all the students who will be mystified by Pound the dogged bohemian and official traitor, there will be many more, missing the real shame and horror of the case, who will be delighted with his example of manic courage, his jazzy directness, his frenetic style.

TO MANY young people Pound could re-emerge as an aged hipster and clown, a man who all his life has defied conventional authority and been agin the government. I once discovered in a Southern college that from the hospital Pound kept up a constant correspondence with the literary set. His notes, always referring to himself as "Ez," written in his well-known telegraphic style, full of obscene puns and heavy attacks on their teachers and the ruling literary scholars of the day, delighted these students. What a change! They were excited by his sauciness, his freshness, his profane and nervous style. From one point of view, "Ez" was someone who had never grown respectable, who had kept all his life the perpetual air of defiance that is so necessary to young people. Both as a poet and teacher, Pound has always, on principle, been against everything in sight. It is interesting to note that the famous beard which in the early 1900's got him fired from his teaching jobs for being "too Latin Quarter," the beard which at one time seemed the very flag of the avant-garde, has in our time become the symbol of pseudo-orphic jazz musicians and the beatnicks.

Pound was the youngest young man that ever was; Nathaniel Weyl reports that shortly after Ehrlich discovered the "magic bullet,"—606—Pound wanted to take his old friend William Carlos Williams with him to the North Coast of Africa. "He thought there were enough syphilitic chieftains there so that they could both make a fortune and retire within a year to write poetry. Nothing came of the scheme." Even at sixty, when he gave himself up to the American authorities in 1945 and was kept in the disciplinary barracks near Pisa, he made a particular appeal to young soldiers. They recognized him as a fellow-victim of the brass, and a regular fellow. Probably the most interesting single document in the "Casebook" is the account by a highly literate soldier, Robert Allen, of Pound's early captivity. Pound himself said later: ". . . They thought I was a dangerous wild man and were scared of me. I had a guard night and day and when they built a cage out of iron mats from airplane runways and put me in the cage for the merriment of all, they posted a guard outside. Soldiers used to come up to the cage and look at me. Some of them brought me food. Old Ez was a prize exhibit."

Allen himself quite obviously shared the admiration of Pound's courage, openness, daring that he reports among the troops. He writes: "Pound, always spoken of as 'Ezra,' became sort of a hero among the trainees when word was spread that he had 'made a dummy of the psychiatrist'—that he had turned questions around so that even the psychiatrist became confused. In the end, the unofficial opinion of the psychiatrist was that Ezra Pound was sane, although perhaps 'a little exotic,' as one of my friends put it." The trainees marching by, or working in the area considered Pound with awe, "taking the reinforced cage as evidence that he was a particularly tough customer." Another guard in the disciplinary training center remembers that Pound was so much admired that one young prisoner risked his chance for clemency by making a rough table for him.

EVEN THE USUAL literary case for Pound, the claim that Pound's *Cantos* (an epic poem saturated in history) can be treated as "pure poetry," always implied that Pound's personality, his political and social opinions, were too violent and uncontrolled to be judged. Professor Ray West, whose unimportant personal record of the Pound controversy is characteristic of the anxious sophistication that has replaced scholarship among literary professors, says nervously that "No one that I know considers Pound correct in his thinking." John Berryman, in a *Partisan Review* essay on Pound's poetry—an essay cited but not reproduced in this book—romantically compared Pound to Sir Roger Casement. Dwight MacDonald, who as a journalist has always been uncontaminated by any conventional opinion, even if it makes sense, went into ecstasies over the Bollingen award because it showed what a free country we are compared with the Russians.

Time and again the feeling for Pound was that of young people or middle-aged people still young who, with typical heartlessness or lack of imagination, thought that Pound's most disgusting statements were simply not serious. Just as the art-worship of our time is a symptom of perpetual youth, for we excuse any daub as self-expression, so some of the sympathy for Pound came, very naturally and understandably, from people who want art to be "pure," to control it, to keep it for a world removed from real human suffering, belief, entanglement. Professor West, lamenting Pound's most unfortunate anti-Semitism, said that "I should prefer to have the anti-Semitism of our age

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(and who will deny that it exists?) written from a point of view contrary to Pound's, just as I should have preferred it if Eliot had not joined the Church, if Huxley had not been converted to mysticism, if André Malraux had not become a DeGaullist, if Breton had not become a communist, and if William Faulkner had not so bitterly resented the Civil Rights bill."

In short, Professor West doesn't like writers to think of anything but writing. His students, however, may see things a little more mischievously; they may welcome in Pound exactly those qualities which older poets like Yeats and Robert Frost have always deprecated. Though it was Frost, in gratitude for Pound's early help, who finally got Pound off (and Pound snarled that Frost had waited long enough to do it), Frost's disapproval of Pound is no secret. Yeats, whom Pound also befriended, nevertheless described Pound's cantos as ". . . nervous obsession, nightmare, stammering confusion; he is an economist, poet, politician, raging at malignants with inexplicable characters and motives, grotesque figures out of a child's book of beasts."

YOUNG PEOPLE find just this exciting. The more inexplicable the world becomes to them, the more they feel it necessary to lash out at wrongdoers, and since they can't locate the culprits anymore, they find admirable the exasperation, the undirectable nervous force that became more and more characteristic of Pound's personality. T. S. Eliot remembers that even in Pound's early days, "he seemed always to be a temporary squatter," he had "a kind of resistance against growing into any environment." In a world that seems to be hardening into collective mankind, it is ironic, amusing, and terrible to think that Pound—the poet as permanent revolution, the literary rebel incarnate, the Pound whose manic screeches and ugliest writings have always been particularly shocking because of the peculiar tenderness of his best work—might become the very type of the hipsters' hero. *Any* cause will do for some people nowadays, so long as it is "agin" something still left to be "aginst." Some

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of the most bizarre material in the Ezra Pound casebook deals with the maniacs and fanatics who hung around him when he was in the mental pokey. Among his visitors was "David R. Wang, a member of the Dartmouth class of 1955, distinguished as being the only Chinese poet of record who devotes himself to the cause of white supremacy. Since graduation, *The Dartmouth* reports, Wang has been touring the Ivy League colleges with the purpose of setting up White Citizens' Councils on the campuses. He has characterized Secretary of State Dulles as a 'wishy-washy Socialist.'"

Crazy, Man! Crazy!

Learning How to Learn

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

MEMO TO A COLLEGE TRUSTEE, by Beardsley Ruml and Donald H. Morrison. *McGraw-Hill. $2.95 and $1* (paperback).

Education is usually discussed with more piety than thought. Seldom does anyone ask whether there can't be too much education—just as no one would ask whether there can't be too much virtue. Though we have heard for a long time about the waste involved in not educating people, we are only now beginning to take seriously the possibility of wastefulness *in* education.

Mr. Ruml—who brings impressive credentials to his task—asks just why the small liberal-arts colleges need the additional money they appear to need, and he answers that they don't. He feels that small liberal-arts colleges can't make ends meet because they each offer far too many courses and therefore have too few students per teaching-hour. They cling to a superstitiously low student-faculty ratio, the cost of which is disproportionate to the benefits. (Further, Ruml points out, there could be much better plant utilization.) With a proposed ratio of twenty students to one faculty member—each professor teaching about nine hours per week—and tuition fees of $800 per student, Ruml shows that colleges attended by 800 to 3,000 students could substantially increase faculty salaries if all revenue from tuition went to the faculty. Ruml assumes that scholarships, library, overhead and administrative expenses, classrooms, dormitories, research, etc., could be financed by special student fees and by endowments. This, of course, is a heroic assumption in the case of many small colleges. But even where the assumption is unrealistic, the feasibility of the proposed cost reduction remains unimpaired. Ruml's idea of linking it to increased faculty salaries has the advantage of demonstrating that, much as the proliferation of courses seems to be in the interest of individual members, the faculty as a whole could benefit greatly by the twenty-to-one student-faculty ratio. Besides, if the faculty were not promised the lion's share of the increased revenue, the proposal, regardless of merit, would not have a chance.

SOME INDICATION of the size of the gap between the present and the proposed faculty-student ratio in small liberal-arts colleges would have helped in assessing the importance of Mr. Ruml's proposals. It is a pity, too, that Mr. Ruml did not press his analytical inquiry further. I should like to see some proposals for a reasonable ratio of administrative personnel—including deans—to students and to faculty. I can find no good reason, either, for not attempting to establish a ratio of instructional to administrative expenditure—even going so far as to link administrative to faculty salaries. Perhaps the sums involved are minor; but the psychological effect would not be. As it is, Mr. Ruml seems to suggest that wastefulness is entirely a faculty weakness.

Mr. Ruml presents several models of the distribution of student and faculty hours of instruction. In each of these the twenty-to-one student faculty ratio is maintained by com-

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bining a great number of small seminars averaging from ten to sixteen students with a smaller number of lecture-discussion classes averaging from forty-nine to ninety students, and a few big lecture classes averaging from 120 to three hundred students. The models are suggestive. The usefulness of the big lecture classes is doubtful, however, even though Mr. Ruml points to tests which show that the average achievement does not fall below that of the smaller classes. Too bad for the tests! I can see no justification for a formal lecture course (if we neglect the entertainment value, which in most cases is negligible) unless we assume that the instructor presents material not available through reading. This seems unlikely in introductory undergraduate courses. The advantage of the classroom over the library is that students can ask questions and present their views for criticism. Once the class is too big for anything but straight lecturing, reading will do. Indeed, reading has advantages over the lecture hall: it compels students (who won't attend lectures for the rest of their lives) to learn how to learn—which is, after all, the main purpose of a liberal-arts education—much more effectively than a formal lecture. Formal lectures were instituted (as the word "lecture" suggests) as public readings at a time when books were hard to get.

However, my objection to these big lecture classes does not invalidate Mr. Ruml's general scheme. On the contrary, I am pointing out that still more money can be saved by asking students to come to class less often and to read books more often. Less emphasis on credits and more emphasis on knowledge—fewer classroom hours, more reading, and more examinations, independent of attendance of specific courses—might yield educational benefits to match the financial ones.

IF ALL THIS sounds a little Utopian, it is no more so—not much more so, anyway—than Mr. Ruml's original proposals. For despite the bait shrewdly held out to the faculty, I am pessimistic about their chances of acceptance. One reason is that Mr. Ruml is only half correct in his belief that the proliferation of courses is due to the pursuit of departmental interests by the faculty. Outside pressures are at least as strong. There are kids who want to go to college without being bothered by learning, and whole departments —not just courses—have been created to cater to them. Pressure for these departments of not-learning often comes from alumni and trustees, and not only from the faculty. It won't be easy to do away with them, and their abolishment might entail an income loss to the school instead of the hoped-for gain.

Mr. Ruml concentrates altogether on the educational function of small liberal-arts colleges. Yet we all know that some professors are kept not because of the courses they teach—on the contrary, the courses are invented to keep the professors—but because of their scholarly attainments. A college must cultivate knowledge as well as students—otherwise it cannot hope to transmit knowledge. To be sure, it would be theoretically possible to relieve these professors of teaching duties and pay them out of non-tuition income. In practice I fear that Ruml's proposal might deprive the small liberal-arts colleges of these professors, and everybody would be the poorer if that should happen.

The problem of which courses should be retained will have to be solved by faculty committees, and it implies educational reforms far greater than indicated by Mr. Ruml's bland prose. If we give up the effort to offer something to everybody, if colleges stop being department stores of learning—and I'm in favor of it—we are in effect giving up most of the elective system. (There will be few choices.) If we retain courses students should take but may not like, the problem of the overcrowded colleges may be on its way to solution—though the financial benefits may not match the educational ones. If mainly the popular courses are kept, we will have well-financed colleges and no liberal education.

THE DILEMMA is perhaps not quite this stark, but it is real enough. Mr. Ruml has not solved it, but it is one of the many merits of his study that he has called attention to this and to many other alternatives that are generally ignored.

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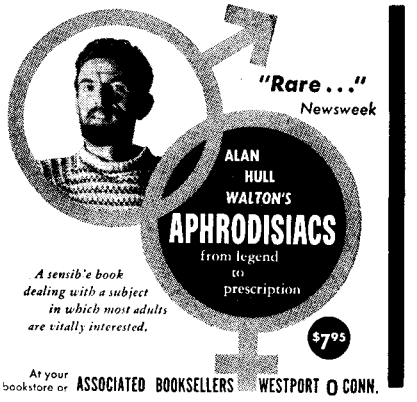

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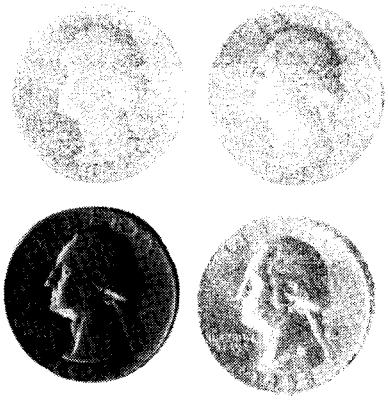

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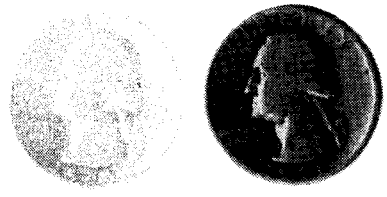

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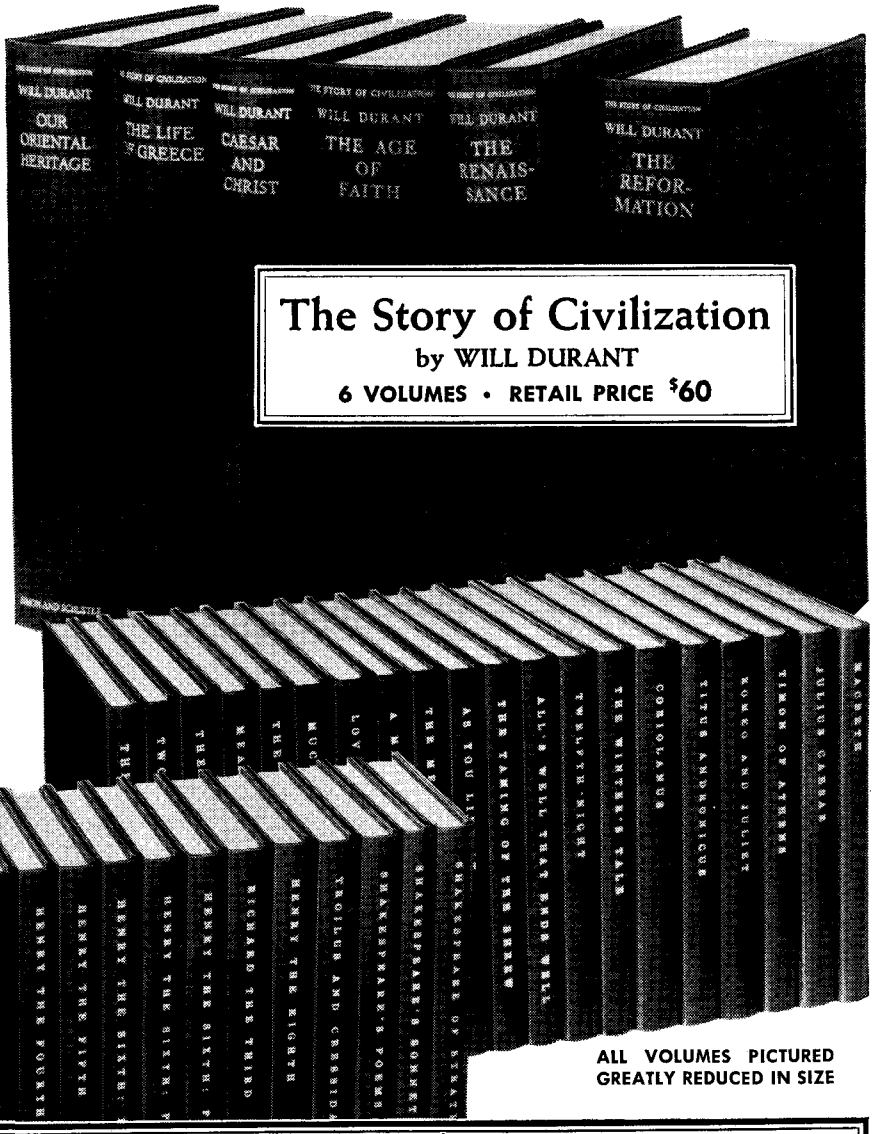

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